

"STAGE-STRUCK."—A VERY STRANGE SERIAL BEGINS TO-DAY.

The Daily

1/2d.

ILLUSTRATED

Mirror.

Theatre
Queue
Nuisance.

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A Paper for Men and Women.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR WITHOUT OVERHEAD WIRES.



A new system of electric traction has been fitted on the West Jersey and Seashore Railway. Instead of overhead wires, the car makes contact with a row of small discs placed between the lines. These are only alive when the car is over them. It is claimed that a speed of eighty miles an hour can be attained by this system, which is known as the Pullen Wireless System. Another illustration appears on page 9.—(Photo by Saunders, Acton.)



This cottage, near Grantham, was destroyed by lightning. The flash struck the far end of the house and then broke away this wall.



Miss Barbara Clare, who is playing in "The Cherry Girl," at the Vaudeville Theatre.—(Photo by Secundus Ward.)



The Long Course Trial Plate at Newmarket was won by Goring Heath, who beat Mardonius by a neck. Padlock II. was third.—(Special "Mirror" photograph.)



The figureheads of two old "wooden-walls," the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Marlborough, which have been sold out of service. They have been used as depot-ships. (Photo by Cribb, Southsea.)



The "Diehards," as the 2nd Middlesex Regiment is usually called, have brought back these two monkeys from South Africa. The chief regimental pet is a mule.—(Photo by Cribb, Southsea.)

RUSSIA SUFFERS AN APPALLING NAVAL LOSS.

BATTLESHIP BLOWN UP.

700 Russians Lose Their
Lives at Port Arthur.

ADMIRAL MAKHAROFF DROWNED

Tsar's Cousin Saved, but
Seriously Wounded.

ONLY FORTY SURVIVORS.

St. Petersburg is Stunned by the
Terrible News.

Startling news has come from the Far East.
The Russian battleship *Petropavlovsk* has
been sunk. Admiral Makharoff has gone down
with her, and, in addition to the Admiral's staff,
between 600 and 700 seamen have been drowned.

The only survivors are the Grand Duke Cyril,
cousin of the Tsar, who was seriously wounded,
and twenty men.

Admiral Togo has delivered his long-expected
attack, and a severe naval engagement has taken
place either off Port Arthur or at the Minato
Islands.

Dire disaster has befallen Russia in the tragic
death of her heroic naval chief—Admiral
Makharoff—the loss of many hundreds of her brave
seamen, and the destruction of a valuable battle-
ship.

Out of the entire ship's company, comprising
600 to 700 men, there are only about forty sur-
vivors, among these being the Tsar's cousin, the
Grand Duke Cyril, who is, however, seriously
wounded.

News of this unparalleled catastrophe has natu-
rally created wild consternation and sorrow through-
out Russia. It is believed, to some extent, by the
fact of the miraculous escape of the Grand Duke
Cyril, whose brother was an agonised spectator of
the awful scene, but the effect of the disaster is
widespread and intense.

The Japanese fleet attacked Port Arthur yester-
day, and Admiral Makharoff with his fleet with-
out, and, it is said, drove them off. The *Petro-
pavlovsk* touched a submarine mine while returning
to the harbour.

There is also some doubt as to the fact of the
Admiral's presence on the *Petropavlovsk*, as he
has usually hoisted his flag on the *Novik* or *Bayan*
when leaving port.

Ever since Admiral Makharoff's appearance at
the seat of peril at Port Arthur his personal bravery
and undaunted courage, no less than his unrivalled
abilities as a naval commander, inspired enthusi-
asm in the men of his fleet, and evoked unstinted
admiration in all parts of the world.

If he did not die, as doubtless he would have
desired, amid the din of battle, and when lead-
ing his men into action, his life has been no less
heroically sacrificed in the interests of his country,
and in the patriotic discharge of his duty.

STRUCK A MINE.

How the *Petropavlovsk* Blew Up
With Her Crew.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.
A semi-official telegram received here says that
the Russian battleship *Petropavlovsk* has sunk off
Port Arthur.

Only four officers were saved, among them being
the Grand Duke Cyril, who was wounded.—
Reuter.

LATER.

Admiral Makharoff was drowned in the sinking
of the *Petropavlovsk* at Port Arthur. The disaster
has caused the greatest consternation. The vessel
is supposed to have struck a torpedo, probably
during manoeuvres, and to have sunk with her crew
and the Admiral's staff. Only twenty men escaped.
The Grand Duke Cyril was seriously wounded,
and was only saved from death by a miracle. His
brother, the Grand Duke Boris, was a witness of
the catastrophe, which he watched through his
marine glass.

A thanksgiving service has already been cele-
brated for the safety of the Grand Duke Cyril.—
Reuter.

HOW THE DISASTER OCCURRED.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 13 (later).
The following telegram, describing the sinking
of the *Petropavlovsk*, has been received here from
Port Arthur:—

A Japanese squadron having appeared in sight,
the Russian battleships and cruisers left the har-
bour, and put to sea in pursuit of some of the
enemy's ships. The latter, however, were rein-
forced until they numbered twenty-nine vessels,

whereupon the Russian squadron returned to the
roadstead.

In entering the *Petropavlovsk* struck a mine, and
blew up. She immediately capsized and sank.
The remainder of the squadron entered the harbour.

The Japanese fleet is at Liaotshan.
Admiral Makharoff is among the dead. The
Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovich was slightly in-
jured. The seriously injured include Captain
Yakovlev, two lieutenants, three ensigns, and
thirty-two sailors. The bodies of five officers and
twelve sailors have been recovered.—Reuter.

The news was conveyed to St. Petersburg by a
private telegram from Port Arthur, which stated
that Admiral Makharoff was among the killed, and
that 700 men had perished.
Since then a telegram has been received at St.
Petersburg confirming the loss of the *Petropavlovsk*,
but there was no news to confirm the reported
death of Admiral Makharoff.

SEEN FROM A BRITISH GUNBOAT.

WEI-HAI-WEI, Wednesday.
The British gunboat *Esperance*, proceeding from
Newchwang to Wei-hai-Wei, when off Port Arthur
at daylight this morning heard heavy firing. They
saw the flash of the guns, and made out a flag-ship.
It is believed that a naval action was in progress.

Three men-of-war were also seen in the dis-
tance. Their nationality is unknown.
The action today appeared to consist in an un-
successful attempt on the part of four Japanese
cruisers and one battleship to intercept a large
Russian cruiser coming from the east.

The Askold and a battleship of the *Pobieda* type
went to the assistance of the Russian cruiser.
The forts did not participate in the action. The
firing was continuous except for one interval of
short duration. The *Esperance* was unable to ascer-
tain the damage done owing to the distance.—
Reuter.

MESSAGE FROM THE TSAR.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 13 (6.30 p.m.).
The Tsar has sent a courier to Peterhof to ex-
press His Majesty's condolences to the widow of
Admiral Makharoff.

A funeral service for the deceased admiral and
the officers and men who perished with him will
be celebrated to-morrow in the Admiralty Church.
Several officers are among those saved.—Reuter.

Up to yesterday evening no official news had
been received either at the Japanese Legation or
the Russian Embassy confirming the report of the
sinking of the *Petropavlovsk*.

The *Petropavlovsk* belongs to the same general
type as the British Royal Sovereign, of which she
is a reduced and modified example.

She had a displacement of 11,000 tons, and carried
a complement of 730 men. She was 367ft. long,
with a beam of 66ft., and a 27ft. draught. She
carried four 12in. guns, twelve 6in., one Baro-
novsky 9-pounder, sixteen 3-pounders, twelve 1-
pounders, and eight others of various types.

Her armour at the belt was 15in., 8in. decks,
and 9in. at the conning-tower.

Her motive-power consisted of two sets of triple-
expansion engines, and she was fitted with cylin-
drical boilers. The machinery was built by Haw-
thorn, Leslie. Her natural-draught horse-power
was 9,000. She was capable of steaming 16 knots
an hour, and electric ammunition hoists were fitted
to all guns.

OFFICIALLY CONFIRMED.

Battleship Struck a Mine Which
Exploded—40 Survivors.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.
Rear-Admiral Grigorovich, Commandant of
Port Arthur, has sent the following telegram of
to-day's date to the Tsar: "The battleship *Petro-
pavlovsk* struck a mine, which exploded, and the
vessel capsized. Our squadron is lying under
Golden Hill, and the Japanese squadron is ap-
proaching."

"Admiral Makharoff apparently perished with the
Petropavlovsk. The Grand Duke Cyril, who was
saved, was slightly wounded. I beg humbly to re-
port to your Majesty that those saved from the
Petropavlovsk up to the present are Grand Duke
Cyril, six officers, thirty-two sailors—all wounded."
The bodies of four officers, a surgeon, and
twelve sailors have been found.—Reuter.

ADMIRAL'S LAST SORTIE!

He Unhesitatingly Offers Battle to
the Japanese.

The following telegrams received before the news
of the disaster show the gallant Admiral had been
actively engaged against Admiral Togo's fleet:

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.
The Japanese appeared yesterday off Port
Arthur. Admiral Makharoff immediately left, pro-
ceeding fifteen miles out to sea, and unhesitatingly
offered battle to the Japanese. The enemy, how-
ever, disappeared in the direction of Newchwang.—
Reuter.

CHIEF, Wednesday, 7 p.m.
A private dispatch from Port Arthur states that
the Japanese attacked the place at daylight to-
day. The full Russian fleet went out under Ad-
miral Makharoff, and with the forts drove the
Japanese off. The town was not damaged. The
effect of the bombardment on the forts and fleet is
not mentioned.—Reuter.

Reuter's correspondent at Teng-chau cables:—
"Sounds of very heavy firing were heard at half-
past six this morning between here and Port
Arthur. It is probable that the long-expected
sea fight among the *Miao-tao* Islands has taken
place."

Mud at Mukden is a foot deep, and Admiral
Alexieff has been compelled to reside in a rail-
way car at the station.

Although the customary "fortnight" has long
since elapsed, the repairs to the battleships *Tsare-
vitch* and *Retvisan* are still proceeding.

RUSSIA'S LOST ADMIRAL.

Muscovite Beresford and His
Indomitable Will.

Admiral Makharoff was the Lord Charles
Beresford of the Russian Navy. The fatal
finger of the misfortune of war could not
have pointed out for death a figure more
familiar to Europe, more threatening to
the hopes of the Japanese, more popular with
the Russian people, or more closely associated in
the mind of their ruler with his proudest hopes
of ultimate success.

Barely two months have gone by since Admiral
Makharoff left St. Petersburg to supersede Admiral
Stark. At the Church of St. Andrew he received
the sacrament from the hands of Father John.
Within an hour a great and orderly crowd of men,
women, and little children assembled before his
house, and, led by the trained voices of two choirs,
sang national songs and hymns of thanksgiving and
joy. Their hero was off to the war.

The Admiral himself later in the same day held
a solemn private service. When it was over he
spoke to leading men, officers, and citizens who
had gathered to bid him good-bye.

"These are warm words out there," he said. "They
went men, so I am going. We have got to stand
by one another."

Short and simple, as the words of great fighters
always are. He went as one life against thousands
of lives; one man, a sailor, battling for his nation,
whereby another nation's sailors went out with
a duty to take, and took.

GENIUS OF NAVAL REFORM.

Yet he was more than a fighter, he was an in-
novator, an organiser, a man of brain, of manners,
and many friends. In a conservative country like
Russia, where the difficulty of reforms reaches a
pitch which is inconceivable, even to the staunchest
Tory of our domestic politics, he was able in the
last few years to bring about many improvements
in the conditions and equipment of the Navy.

Siepan Yossipovitch Makharoff was born on
December 29, 1848. He entered the Navy in 1864,
and his promotion was exceptionally rapid. In six
years he gained his lieutenantcy, and during the
Turkish war, already in command of the Grand
Duke Constantine, he made many gallant attacks
on Turkish forts. He added to the equipment of
his vessel several small torpedo-boats for subma-
rine attacks. For his services in the war he gained
the rank of captain.

In 1881 he took part in Skobeleff's storming of
Geok-Tepe. Not long after he left the Bosphorus
to become chief of staff of the Baltic train-
ing squadron. In 1885 he made a cruise round
the world, as commander of the frigate *Prince
Pojarsky*, when he carried on important hydro-
graphic researches, for which he was awarded a
prize by the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences.

The chief point in his later history dates from
the winter of 1897, when he was in command of
the First Division of the Russian Navy.

He went to the Far Northern waters to study
the route to the mouths of the Siberian rivers, and
observe the ice conditions in those bleak seas.

There he laid the foundation of his European
reputation, he learnt enough to feel assured that
his scheme for keeping open the ice-bound ports on
his country's seashores by means of giant ice-
breakers was sound and feasible.

ATTACKED THE ICE AND CONQUERED.

Under his command the *Ernak*, the largest ice-
breaker in the world, which was built and launched
at Walker, on Tyneside, by Messrs. Armstrong,
Whitworth, and Co., fulfilled her mission in the
Baltic, and also at the mouths of the Siberian rivers,
magnificently. She once liberated from the port
of Revel three ice-bound vessels.

Admiral Makharoff was not content with this.
He was determined to see what his vessel could do
when pitted against the Polar ice.

He was laughed at, but he had made up his mind
to go, and he went.

He was away five weeks. He returned success-
ful.

To an English newspaper reporter he said:—
"We found ice in lat. 80 deg. 15 min.; strong Polar
ice. In fact, it was the place where the ice was
strongest, and that was the reason we attacked
that place. We found solid, plain ice 14ft. thick;
and pack ice—ice in mountainous ridges—18ft.
high and seven fathoms deep."

Into this mass, "because it was strongest,"
Admiral Makharoff charged the *Ernak*.

For about two hundred and thirty miles, at an
average speed of between three and four knots an
hour, the determined Russian drove the *Ernak*
through this ice-girt sea.

He had made up his mind, so he went. The ice
was the greatest enemy his country's commerce
had. A man was wanted, so he went.

The Tsar has lost a man who was better than
battleships, and deserved well of his country.

SYMPATHETIC "MEAKIN."

Humorous Song Abandoned on
Account of the Disaster.

So far genial "sport" has been made of Russian
discomfiture in the duel which Mr. Edmund Payne
has been singing nightly in "The Orchid," at the
Gaiety Theatre. But last night, with 600 to 700
Russian sailors lying in an ocean grave, Mr. Payne
felt that he could not sing the song.

"There would be something so inhuman in the
business," he said to a *Mirror* correspondent,
"that to sing anything comic about Russia to-night
would choke me. I could not do it. Not that we
touch directly on the war; the humour is intro-
duced with a bout of Russian and Japanese wrest-
ling, and the thing goes very well; but to-night
the diversion would be so incongruous that to sing
the duet would be the maddest thing I could do, and
we shall cut it out of the performance."

On surprise being expressed that no news had
been heard of Japanese prisoners on the Korean
frontier, General Mishchenko, who is in command
of the Cossacks, replied, "We have arms, and not
ropes."—Reuter.

YALU FIGHTING.

Russians Fly Inland After One
Hour's Fighting.

JAPANESE VERSION.

TOKIO, Wednesday.

Details of the first skirmish on the Yalu, which
occurred on Sunday, arrived here to-day in a
report from Admiral Togo, which runs as fol-
lows:—

"In accordance with my instructions, the captain
of the cruiser *Kaimon* directed Lieutenant Yama-
guchi and five men to scout at the mouth of the
Yalu.

"They accomplished the work safely, and re-
turned to the *Kaimon* on Monday.

"They entered the river in a Korean junk, and
at two o'clock on Sunday discovered a party of
Russians leaving the right bank near Toag
Toryoku in a junk.

"Lieutenant Yamaguchi attacked them, and a
patrol of mounted Japanese troops on the left bank
joined him. Meanwhile another large Russian
junk joined the first, and opened fire on the
Japanese.

"The Russians retired, reached the bank, and
died inland. The exchange of fire lasted an hour
and twenty minutes.

"The enemy had one man killed and two
wounded. The Japanese had no casualties. They
found 400 empty cartridges in the Russian junk.
We believe that the Russians were a cavalry patrol
watching the river."—Reuter.

TWENTY-TWO DEAD RUSSIANS.

TOKIO, Wednesday, 5 p.m.
An official telegram from Wiju states that a com-
pany of Russians attempted to cross the first stream,
of the Yalu to the west of Wiju yesterday morn-
ing. A company of Japanese attacked the enemy
and drove them back. Twenty-two dead Russians
were found. Their uniforms showed that they be-
longed to the 12th Regiment of Sharpshooters.
The report adds that small parties of Russians not
in uniform have attempted to cross the Yalu at
different points between Wiju and Yongsampo,
but have all been driven back.

SEOUL, Tuesday.

Japanese telegrams from the north state that the
Russians have strongly fortified Ki-lien-chong, a
small town opposite Wiju. It is estimated that
there are 20,000 Russians of all arms at An-tung
ready to prevent the Japanese from crossing the
Yalu and constructing pontoon bridges.—Reuter.

KUROPATKIN'S COFFIN.

Strange Rumour That is Causing
Depression Among Russians.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, April 10.

A rumour, which is gaining wide acceptance in
Siberia, has created a marked feeling of depression
among the reservists now being called up.
This rumour is to the effect that General Kuropatkin
took with him to the Far East a coffin, he
being convinced that he would never return to
Russia.

During the stoppage of the general's train at
Petropavlovsk, a soldier observed in the luggage
van an oblong box with a brass plate, which, after
the train had left, he asserted positively had the
name "Alexei Nikolaievitch Kuropatkin" upon it.

This ridiculous story was believed all the more
readily because when the General visited his estate
at Kholn, before leaving Russia, it was said that
his mother declared that she would never see him
alive again.

One story being circulated is that Kuropatkin is
suffering from an incurable disease, while another
is to the effect that he has had a dream, in which
he saw himself so mutilated by the Japanese that
his own men did not recognise him, and threw him
into a trench along with a number of common
soldiers.

WORK ON THE SUBMARINE.

Much Remains To Be Done Before She
Can Be Raised.

The divers Karlsson and Anderson went down to
the wreck of the submarine yesterday and
worked four hours in repairing leaks. A patch is
ready made to put on this morning, when the
divers go down in slack water.

When the hull is considered tight, the air-
pipe will be connected from the salvage ship *Belos*,
and another attempt will be made to raise the subma-
rine.

Captain Hoggren said yesterday that the pro-
gress was satisfactory, but there would be some
hours' work before the wreck would be fit for
testing again at high pressure. The weather yester-
day was fine, wind and sea moderate.

The salvage people are straining every effort to
get the submarine up before the spring tides com-
mence again.

KENDAL POISONING CASE.

The latest development in connection with the
mysterious death of James Giffin, a retired farmer,
for which Elizabeth Nicholas and Thomas McCallie
are committed for murder, caused a great
sensational in Kendal yesterday. An order for the
exhumation of the body has been made by the
Home Secretary.

It is thought this course is adopted that evidence
may be obtained to disprove the female prisoner's
story that if the deceased took arsenic it was by
accident.

Prisoners were remanded till Friday, but the
police case cannot then be completed.

General Kuropatkin is making an inspection of
the outposts on the Yalu.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Gusty southerly breezes; thunder showers in many places; occasional sunny and warm periods.

Lighting-up time: 7.54 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate to smooth in the south and east, rather rough in the west and north.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Russia has sustained an unparalleled disaster in the sinking of the battleship *Petropavlovsk*, through striking a submarine mine, and the drowning of Admiral Makharoff, together with nearly 700 men. Only forty of the ship's company survived, among these being the Grand Duke Cyril, who was seriously wounded. The news has created consternation and sorrow throughout Russia.—(Page 2.)

The British mission in Tibet has reached Gyantse without opposition. No difficulty respecting negotiations is now anticipated. A statement on the subject was made by Mr. Brodrick in the House of Commons.—(Page 3.)

Submarine A1 still remains at the bottom of the sea, and there is much to be done before the vessel can be refloated.—(Page 2.)

Mr. Chamberlain returns to London after his holiday to-morrow evening.—(Page 7.)

Pathetic evidence was given at the inquest on Mr. G. W. Byrne, a brother of the late Judge, who was found shot in Bell-yard, Temple. The jury found Mr. Byrne committed suicide whilst temporarily insane.—(Page 5.)

Taken for a walk in Copenhagen, Caesar, the King's pet terrier, was lost. The animal was found later in the afternoon, to the intense relief of his majesty.—(Page 3.)

Dr. Dowie, the prophet "Elijah," is coming to England again, probably in June. Meanwhile, his followers have started a campaign in White-chapel.—(Page 3.)

There is a general belief among City speculators that provision will be made in the Budget for an increase in the income-tax. High rates of insurances at Lloyds' lend support to this assertion.—(Page 7.)

Following attendance in state at Christ Church, Newgate-street, to hear the Spital Sermon, the Lord Mayor last night gave a banquet at the Mansion House. The preparations in the mayoral kitchen for the feast are described.—(Page 11.)

At Meldreth, a Cambridgeshire village, a lad of fifteen shot his mother dead with a revolver, and then sat reading a paper, pending the arrival of the police.—(Page 3.)

When the young man, Ritson, charged with looting at his former sweetheart on Tooting Common, appeared on remand, the young lady told her story of the affair. Prisoner was again remanded.—(Page 5.)

Mr. Clowden, the Marylebone magistrate, heard curious case, in which complainant, a retired paycock of eighty-one, summoned his wife, thirty years his junior, for assault. Defendant, after a lengthy hearing, was bound over to keep the peace.—(Page 5.)

In the Divorce Court the Rev. Gilbert Lyons, a Somersetshire vicar, sought and obtained judicial separation from his wife on the ground of her desertion.—(Page 8.)

Two theatrical cases came before the Divorce Court. In one, Mr. J. B. White was released from his marriage with his wife, Marian, an actress. Petitioner in the second case was Mr. G. H. Sumners, engaged in one of Mr. Forbes Robertson's companies, whose request for a divorce was granted.—(Page 5.)

Sunday golf, says the Archbishop of Canterbury, is a matter for one's own conscience. Dr. Clifford criticises this opinion.—(Page 11.)

Theatre queues are, in some cases, an undoubted nuisance to the pedestrian and shopkeeper. The difficulties are discussed and special illustrations given.—(Pages 7, 8, 9.)

"Stage Struck," a thrilling new serial story, commences in this issue.—(Pages 12-13.)

Some facts about Academy pictures, their cost, and the reward to the painter, are detailed in a special article.—(Page 11.)

Many persons have sent money to the young landladies whose deserving case was brought to the notice of Judge Edge, sitting at Clerkenwell. Preferring to pay her debts, she has refused to accept this charity, and his Honour is now considering what course to pursue.—(Page 7.)

Jealous of his wife's relations with neighbours, an old man of sixty-eight (says our Paris correspondent) attacked her with a stool, inflicting fatal injuries. He then committed suicide by shooting.—(Page 3.)

Summerlike weather resulted in busy West End scenes and increased business for tradesfolk.—(Page 7.)

Good fields were again seen out at Newmarket. The Babraham Plate was easily won by D'Orsay, and the Wood Ditton Stakes, after a fine finish, by Grey Plume.—(Page 15.)

There was an unsettled feeling on 'Change yesterday. News of the Russian disaster resulted in a cautious close. Consols, after fluctuating, recovered their firmness. The tone of the foreign bourses was less satisfactory.—(Page 14.)

To-Day's Arrangements.

Sir Edward Clarke addresses a Unionist Meeting, Clichetman.
Norwich Church Congress (two days).
St. James' Theatre: Production of "Saturday to Monday."
Crystal Palace Company's School of Practical Engineering: Award of Certificates, Sir William H. White presiding, 12.0.
Racing: Newmarket.
Golf: Royal Eastbourne G.C. Spring Meeting.

TIBETAN MISSION AT GYANTSE.

Mr. Brodrick Confronts the Pro-Tibetans with the News That the Goal Has Been Reached.

Mr. Brodrick was fortunate in the day granted to the pro-Tibetans for discussing the British mission, for when he rose in the House of Commons yesterday to make his promised statement he had just received the all-important news that Colonel Younghusband had reached Gyantse without any further serious fighting.

The announcement that the goal had been attained was contained in the following telegram of yesterday's date, from the Viceroy, which he read:

Following from Younghusband, dated Chalu, April 13—Gyantse, April 11, by Chinese couriers:—General MacDonald has brought Mission here without the loss of a single man. Tibetans who opposed us are highly demoralised. This valley is fertile, with plentiful hamlets, cultivation everywhere, and numerous trees.

Inhabitants mostly dill, but few who remain say this is on account of heavy demands of their own government.

News has just arrived that Tibetans are fleeing from the fort. Two Tibetan generals have left and Chinese delegate, Ma, with Tibetan Jangpon, have come in.

Ma says Amban will come as soon as he can arrange with Dalai Lama and the four Tibetan delegates of unknown position, who are on exiled way. Jangpon is in great fear, and will doubtless surrender fort to-morrow.

This gratifying news was placed in the forefront of Mr. Brodrick's motion for the consent of the House to the revenue of India being applied to defray the expenses of any military operations which might become necessary beyond the frontiers of his Majesty's Indian possessions for the purpose of protecting the political Mission to the Tibetan Government.

There was no legal necessity for obtaining first the permission of Parliament before sending an armed escort with the mission. An armed escort was necessary for the safety of the mission, as events had shown.

Convention Violated.

Having read the Viceroy's telegram to the House, Mr. Brodrick went on to say that it was impossible to allow to continue the situation that existed in Tibet before the dispatch of the mission. The country had remained stubborn, although we had exhausted every influence. It had, moreover, entered into open relations with another Power at a much greater distance, and had frequently and flagrantly violated the convention which it had with this country. The Tibet frontier did not touch the Russian frontier at a distance less than 1,000 miles, and that through a country perhaps the most inhospitable that could be found.

Any proposal to change the political situation in Tibet, or to establish a protectorate at Lhasa, could not be acquiesced in by the Indian Government, and the object of the mission was to obtain satisfaction for the past and a modus vivendi for the future. There was no quarrel with the

Tibetans, no desire to occupy their country, and no wish to establish a permanent mission in Tibet.

Though the Viceroy's telegram did not entirely disarm the pro-Tibetans' criticism, it was obvious that it had a disconcerting effect upon their attack on the Government. This was led by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. He criticised and condemned the invasion of the country, and the slaughter of the people, and declared that the disclosed causes for the mission were wholly insufficient. He wished to know whose policy it was that prompted the mission, that of Lord Curzon, or that of his Majesty's Government—for the two were in opposition the one to the other. The policy of the Viceroy was to appoint a permanent British resident to reside at Lhasa, but the dispatch of the Home Government of November 6, 1903, showed that his Majesty's Government were opposed to it. He hoped the Government would adhere to their view.

Lord G. Hamilton entirely acquiesced in the course which the Indian Government had taken.

Mr. Lough supported his leader, with the declaration that the news of the slaughter at Gura received in this country on Good Friday morning had given the country a painful shock.

Sir Henry Fowler received the congratulations of the Premier for the caution and moderation of a speech in which he agreed that the Young-husband mission must be protected and rescued if necessary by all the resources at our command.

"A Political Misfortune."

Mr. Balfour, in the course of his reply to the attacks of the pro-Tibetans, said that as we could not allow our interests to be slighted we were obliged to take steps to maintain our rights.

It would be a military impossibility to invade India through Tibet, but it would be a distinct political misfortune if Tibet fell under the domination of any foreign Power. He desired that the Tibetans should keep themselves to themselves, and manage their own affairs. He accepted the assurance of Russia that she desired no predominance in Tibet, and our desire also was to leave Tibet alone. But we could not allow our treaty arrangements with that country to be made the laughing stock of the Oriental world. He hoped the resolution would be accepted.

On the House dividing, the figures were:

For the motion 270

Against 61

Majority 209

It is understood that the Liberals did not intend to challenge a division upon the Government resolution. Most of the occupants of the front Opposition Bench abstained from voting, and a large proportion of their usual supporters voted in the majority with the Unionists.

The Irish Nationalists called for the vote, and their Whips acted as tellers for the Government.

Among the Liberal members who voted with them were: Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Channing, Mr. Alfred Davies, Mr. John Burns, Mr. J. Tomkinson, Dr. Shipman, Mr. C. E. Shaw, Mr. W. Abraham (Rhondal), Mr. H. Broadhurst, Mr. Whiteley, and Mr. G. White.

ELECTION CHANCES.

Politicians Think the Government Will Cling to Office.

Sir William Walrond, speaking at a meeting in favour of his son's candidature for the Tiverton division of Devon, gave it as his opinion that there will be no general election this year, or even next year.

Interviewed by a *Mirror* representative, Mr. George W. E. Russell, a distinguished writer and politician, who has held several important posts under Liberal Governments, said: "It is obvious that Sir William Walrond, as ex-Whip, has special advantages of observation of cause and effect in political life. Personally, I see no reason why the Government should be defeated. There is the great fact that members of a Government who are drawing salaries of five thousand a year do not propose lightly to forego them.

"This is not said cynically; the fact applies to all Governments. The present Government can

always obtain a sure majority of fifty when they issue a strong whip; if they are caught on a 'snap' vote they can simply ignore it, and not go on, as the Liberals did in 1895.

"The Government will certainly not go out on the Budget—they will have a big set division." Asked, generally speaking about politics, Mr. Russell said: "The Anglo-French Treaty is admirable, but I feel like Lord Byron—

"I greatly venerate the nation's glories,

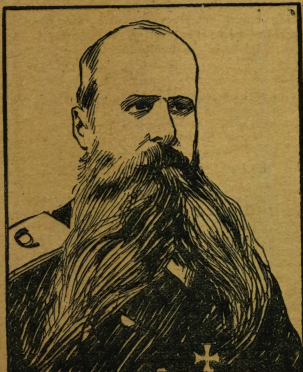
"But wish they were not owing to the Tories."

SPANISH PREMIER OUT OF DANGER

According to the latest official news regarding the condition of the Spanish Premier, Señor Maura, the appearance of the wound is satisfactory, and the doctors are of opinion that it will heal quickly.

It has been ascertained by the police that the attempt on Señor Maura's life was planned more than a week ago. Antal, who had been following the Premier for several days past, had an accomplice, who has been arrested. Both men belong to a society of young men known as the "Lovers of Liberty."

RUSSIA'S FALLEN HEROES.



ADMIRAL MAKHAROFF, the gallant Russian sea-fighter, who was drowned in the sinking of the Russian battleship *Petropavlovsk* at Port Arthur yesterday.—(Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a photograph.)



GRAND DUKE CYRIL, the Tsar's cousin, who is reported to have been seriously wounded, but to be among the few survivors of the *Petropavlovsk* disaster.—(Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a photograph.)

KING'S PET TERRIER.

How "Caesar" Lost Himself in Copenhagen.

His Majesty's constant companions are his dogs. Wherever he goes he takes his favourite with him. "Caesar of Notts," who went with his Majesty to Copenhagen, has had an adventure. Overcome by the inquisitiveness natural to his breed—he is a terrier—and forsaking his royal master he took an uncondemned tour round the Danish capital. Fortunately, he was found in the afternoon, to the immense relief of the King, who, when he is at home, is worried if the dog is out of his sight for a minute.

Caesar is a lemon-and-white, wire-haired English terrier, a fine dog bred by the Duchess of Newcastle in her famous kennels.

KING EDWARD PHOTOGRAPHED.

King Edward was photographed yesterday in the Moderne Studio at Copenhagen. Queen Alexandra visited the Old Norse Museum, and their Majesties afterwards paid a visit to the arsenal to inspect the historic collection of weapons.

To-day they will visit the Trifolium butter factory at Seeland, the largest in the world.

DOWIE COMING TO ENGLAND.

The Prophet "Elijah" Will Arrive Some Time in June.

Two hundred Zionists of the Restoration Host, Dr. Dowie's followers in London, are expecting him to visit them once again in June next. Pending his advent they are working strongly in White-chapel, which is far from their central place of worship in Euston-road, but affords a good field for their missionary efforts. These are directed for the most part towards the relief of the sick, according to their peculiar methods, and the stamping out of drunkenness and smoking, which they call putting poison into the body.

The news has gone round the hospitals, and the medical students, who do not believe in the faith-healer's boasted healings, are preparing to receive the "Doctor."

Speaking to a *Mirror* representative yesterday, a devoted Zionist was disgusted with the way his leader was treated by the Press. "The wing legend was all nonsense," he asserted, "so are most of the unkind things they say in the papers. Dr. Dowie is a man of exceptional common-sense. Would a sensible man make such a fool of himself?"

There are evidently two sides even to the Dowie question. All the same, the common-sense man's forecast for June, built on experience, is trouble in Zion when their Prophet gets to talking to Gentiles.

BOY'S TERRIBLE CRIME.

Lad of Fifteen Shoots His Mother with a Revolver.

A terrible tragedy has taken place at Meldreth, a village near Royston, not far from Cambridge.

Without the slightest warning and for, as far as can be ascertained, no cause whatever, a boy of fifteen, named Frank Rogers, has shot his mother dead with a revolver at their country residence. The mother struggled to a couch in the hall, and medical aid was summoned, but life was extinct.

The family are well connected, the father being a solicitor in practice in London.

After the crime the lad's extraordinary behaviour caused great indignation among the villagers. He sat perfectly cool and collected, reading a newspaper, until the police arrived to arrest him.

The lad remains at Melbourn Police Station pending the inquest, and steadfastly refuses to talk about the tragedy or make any statement whatever.

JEALOUSY AT SEVENTY.

Old Man's Suspicions Lead to a Tragedy.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday Night.

Fierce jealousy at seventy years of age may seem strange to English readers, but to a Frenchman it is by no means remarkable.

Peter Thiebaud was sixty-eight years of age, and his wife was fifty-one. Peter was incessant in his reproaches, alleging that his companion was too familiar with the neighbours, that she was too often at the window, and was absent from the house on errands more frequently than was necessary.

When his anger got beyond bounds Peter used to beat the unhappy woman.

Yesterday the other occupants of the house were startled by cries of "Help" and "Murder," and when they rushed into the apartment occupied by the couple they found the enraged husband standing over his prostrate wife, whom he had brained with a three-legged stool.

When the neighbours made their appearance Peter seized a revolver and lodged three bullets in his head.

KAISER AS TREE PLANTER.

The German Emperor, after witnessing a field-gun display and gymnastic exercises by seamen on the naval parade ground at Malta, has sailed for Syracuse, where he intends to remain for three days. A royal salute was fired from the ships and the saluting battery upon his departure.

In commemoration of his visit he planted a dodonaea tree in the public garden.

The German Minister at Athens has ordered a suite of apartments at Corfu for the German Emperor, who is expected to arrive there on the 21st or 22nd inst.

It is announced that the official history of the South African war is being compiled by Major-General Sir T. F. Maurice, with the assistance of a staff of officers. It is expected that the work will be completed in about three years' time.

A man who begged for money from a policeman in uniform was discharged at Marylebone Police Court yesterday. He could not be an habitual beggar, for no habitual beggar would do such a thing, said Mr. Plowden.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne Police Court yesterday ninety passive resisters were summoned, and distraint was ordered in each case. The resisters included fifteen Nonconformist ministers, a number of ladies, and several tradesmen.

The Prince of Wales is expected to arrive in London to-day from Frognor. His Royal Highness and the Princess of Wales will leave for Vienna next week on their way to invest the King of Wurtemberg with the insignia of the Order of the Garter, conferred by King Edward in honour of the marriage of Princess Alice of Albany with Prince Alexander of Teck.

SAW HER HUSBAND KILLED.

Whilst cycling down Barn Hill, a steep decline at Stamford, Dr. Lander lost control of his machine and ran full tilt into a horse and cart. The wheels of the vehicle went over his legs, and the horse fell and kicked him in the head, causing shocking injuries from which death resulted yesterday. Mrs. Lander was cycling with her husband, and witnessed the accident.

FRUIT WILL BE PLENTIFUL THIS YEAR.

Fruit-growers of the Home counties are congratulating themselves on the prospect of a record season. Cherries, apples, pears, and plums promise to be abundant. The bloom is about a fortnight later than last year, and the fear of a blighting frost such as occurred last year is lessened. Ground fruit is in fine leaf, and strawberries are especially promising.

MARVELLOUS MARE.

"You could get a thousand pounds from Hengler's for that mare," said his Honour Judge Adams, during the hearing of an action for breach of warranty concerning this animal at Limerick. The plaintiff alleged that the marvellous mare, which had been warranted quiet to ride and drive, had struck at him with her "fore paws" like a boxing kangaroo. After that he had climbed up a partition to get out of her way, and she had climbed up after him.

DOCTORS AND THE RAIN.

The Judge of the Clerkenwell County Court said yesterday that last year, though so wet, was a very healthy one, and doctors were not in demand.

A physician, seen yesterday by a representative, said the weather had very little to do with it. The straits in which some doctors find themselves are caused by the insolvency or dishonesty of the individuals whom they have tried to benefit. Medical men have many expenses, and only a few ever make a fortune.

"EPIZOOTIC LYMPHANGITIS."

There has lately been introduced into Great Britain a new horse disease with the above terrible name. The Board of Agriculture has just issued a warning to horse owners that they must notify the police if any of their horses are affected. The symptoms are swellings of the skin on the hind-legs, neck, or body, the cause of them being a "cryptococcus." It is rumored that the pronunciation of these words will shortly oust "truly rural" as a test of sobriety.

DESERTED BABY BROTHERS.

Two well-dressed babies, busy with feeding-bottles, were found in a second-class carriage of an English train at Liverpool-street by a porter. When removed by the station officials it was seen that one of them had a piece of paper attached to a ribbon round its neck, on which was written, "Two brothers, Harry and Charlie West, seventeen and one month."

The City police have been communicated with, but no traces of the parents or guardians have been discovered.

OBJECTS TO HER SONS BOXING.

"I would rather die than have my four sons become boxers," said a woman named Eaton, who was charged and remanded at Southwark for doing wilful damage. She had created a disturbance at a Bermudez public-house, and when told to go outside smashed a window valued £5 with a brickbat.

Her defence was that prosecutor, an ex-champion boxer, who now organises competitions, had prevailed upon her sons to attend. This she strongly objected to.

"WOMEN CANNOT COOK"

Writing on "Unlovely Man" in the "Gentlewoman" this week, Mr. T. W. H. Crosland finds space for some more uncompromising remarks about lovely woman. He says: "Nearly all the male indigestion in the world is caused by trusting oneself to the tender cuisine of one's better half and her futile feminine pot-scotters. A decent dinner simply cannot be produced by women. They admit it themselves, and on great occasions they seek the assistance of some convenient male person, even though he be only a green-rover. It has been said that Providence made meat, and that the devil made cooks. For 'cooks' one should read women cooks, because a man cook, when all is said, is certainly not of the devil. The fact that women cannot cook is curiously illustrated in the enormous sale which has been achieved by certain cookery books. Men cooks never read cookery books, any more than writers of genius read works on style."

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

On Peckham Rye on Sunday a meeting will be held to urge upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer the necessity of imposing a small yearly tax on all cycles excepting only those in use for business purposes.

In response to the wishes of the inhabitants the Willesden Council has changed the name of Lady-smith-road, Kensal Rise, which recently obtained such unenviable notoriety as the scene of at least one of the Crossman murders, to Wrentham-avenue.

"I am convinced that there is more sin and debauchery on Sunday than on any other day of the week, simply because it is an idle day," said Major-General Hart, speaking at Chatham in favour of the Sunday closing of public-houses. He advocated healthy outdoor games to counteract this evil.

KITCHEN CURE FOR DRINK.

Good strengthening soup, a fair amount of nutritious and properly-prepared meat, and plenty of fruit is the diet recommended by Dr. Jones, the medical superintendent of the London County Asylum, Claybury, as a drink cure. "If men were properly fed," he said, "there would be far less recourse to alcohol."

One of the doctors at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, however, thinks there is no hope of finding a kitchen that could triumph over drink. If the craving is there the man feels he wants drink, and he will have it.

LOVE IN A LIFT.

A German employed as a liftman in a great West End building was enamoured of a barmaid in a Strand public-house, and took the opportunity of declaring his love while taking her up to the top floor of the building, to which she was paying a chance visit. He stopped the lift and said in an ecstasy, "I love you. Won't you marry me?" "Hullo! What's wrong there?" cried a man's voice from above them. Slowly the lift ascended. When it reached the top Hans dashed out, ran off, and never came back.

The proprietor is now lamenting the loss of a "fine suit of livery which cost £4."

PRAYING TO ANIMALS.

Strange were the religious notions of Martha Elizabeth Eltham, sixty-six, a retired school-mistress of Cassland-road, South Hackney, who has died from apoplexy, accelerated by chronic alcoholism. It was shown at the inquest yesterday that she prayed to animals, believing that they had souls. Putting her bed in the cellar, she slept on chairs, remarking, "Soldiers don't sleep in a bed, and so why should I?"

Her body was in a very dirty state, as was also the room. The fingers and toes had been gnawed by rats. In her will she left directions for her cat to be poisoned, so that it might not fret after.

INNOCENT MAN PARDONED.

A Leeds girl of thirteen has caused an innocent man to be imprisoned for fourteen days, and he was only released by a pardon bearing the King's own signature.

Richard Parry, of Leeds, visited the house of a Mrs. Burgoyne, and after he left some valuable rings were missed. He was charged and sent to prison. Mrs. Burgoyne found one of the missing rings in her thirteen-year-old daughter's bed, and, on being taxed, the girl confessed that she had taken the rings to show her friends, and had given one away. She knew Parry was undergoing imprisonment, but was afraid to tell her mother what she had done.

DISHONEST THROUGH BAD WEATHER.

After struggling for years to lead an honest life, Thomas Murray, a coster, appeared at the North London Sessions yesterday charged with stealing a quantity of cut flowers from Covent Garden Market. The police said he had a bad record, and had been sent to prison and received "the cat" in 1896. But they corroborated the prisoner's statement that since 1897 he had been striving to earn an honest living.

The weather has been against me. I got shabbier and shabbier, and found it difficult to buy in the markets, and so I have gone down," pleaded the prisoner. The magistrate took a lenient view of the case, and bound him over.

OVERCROWDED INDUSTRIAL HOMES.

The statement that there is no room in industrial homes for female wrong-doers is borne out by inquiry. Fewer than 75 girls and women passed through Battersea "House of Help" of the British Women's Temperance Union, in the New Kent-road, in the short month of February in the present year, comparing with 224 in February, 1903.

On occasions there have been as many as twenty-five inmates received in a day, and beds have had to be "made up" for the surplus number. There have even been times when the overflow has had to be sent to the house of a friend of the institution closer by. Last Saturday and Sunday four newcomers had to be accommodated in this way.

BIG PRICES FOR OLD FURNITURE.

Valuable old furniture is continually being found in unexpected places in England, and many people have articles worth hundreds of pounds in their homes who know nothing of their market value. The furniture sold at Christie's yesterday came from many sources and realised very high prices.

An old English satinwood commode fetched 60 guineas; Chippendale mahogany settee, on carved legs with claw feet, fetched 265 guineas; old Chinese famille-verte, oviform vase and cover, 66 guineas; Persian bottle, decorated with foliage in brilliant copper lustre, 100 guineas; Louis XVI. clock in ormolu case, mounted with figures of Venus and Cupid, 62 guineas; and an Empire Sevres inkstand, with portrait of the King of Naples, 53 guineas.

"You pay rates and have a right to the parish doctor's services, the same as you benefit from the lights in the road," remarked the coroner at Leytonstone yesterday to a mother who said she was ashamed to call in the parish doctor for her child.

"The figures and physique of the young men of Walworth who are members of the Parish Guild of Play would be a credit to any place, and are as fine as those of the inhabitants of the healthiest country village," so says the Rev. A. Jephson, the well-known South London vicar.

"Our last wet summer was a boon," said Mr. Robson, presiding at a meeting of the Trent Navigation Company at Cannon-street Hotel yesterday. He explained that thanks to the rain there had been more water in the canals and rivers and hence the company had been able to carry increased tonnage at less than the usual cost.

LIFE SAVINGS LOST BY WRECK.

A pathetic story is told in connection with the wreck on the Brighton beach. The skipper of the vessel, a poor old man sixty-three years of age, had £60, the savings of his lifetime, invested in her. After the calamity he had to sleep at a common lodging-house, the loss of his ship having left him practically penniless.

PONY BOLTS WITH GARDEN ROLLER.

Mrs. Nicoll, of Balgaddy, borrowed a garden roller from a neighbour and hitched it to her pony to drive it home. The beast, startled by the noise made by the machine rattling over some stones, bolted along a narrow road and knocked down Mr. Cunningham, a cyclist. The cyclist was seriously injured, and barely escaped being squashed to death. His machine fell under the roller and was crushed into a shapeless mass.

MANY TIMES FORGIVEN.

Consideration for his parents had deterred former employers from prosecuting Edwin Charter, a fifteen-year-old errand boy, who was convicted at North London for embezzling money belonging to a Stoke Newington bootmaker.

A detective stated that the lad had been dismissed from his last situation for a similar offence. At a previous place he had lost money, and at another had embezzled. He was ordered yesterday to pay a fine of 40s., or go to prison for twenty-one days.

MYSTERY OF A TUNNEL.

For years Abraham Bush, a working jeweller living in St. Pancras, had been in the habit of travelling on the Underground between Baker-street and Farringdon-road.

One day his dead body was found in the tunnel 300 yards from Gower-street Station. There were no marks to show that he had been dragged along by a train, and officials could not explain how he got there, the absence of any motive being yesterday returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

SECOND HUSBAND AT TWENTY-ONE.

Though only twenty-one years old, Mary Curtis, of Three Crown-court, Jewry-street, Aldgate, who applied at the Mansion House yesterday for a separation on the ground of her husband's habitual drunkenness, stated that he was her second husband. She was first married when she was sixteen, and has now three children.

Her present husband, Arthur Henry Curtis, was frequently drunk, and often assaulted her. The Alderman told him he was a worthless fellow, and granted the order.

CROWDED LIFE IN A COTTAGE.

The case begged description, said a witness, describing the horrible state of six children who had been grossly neglected by their parents, Patrick and Catherine Moran, at Northwick.

Eleven people, including a lodger, were huddled in a cottage reeking with filth, the floor being a quarter of an inch deep in dirt. The children were ill-fed, ill-clothed, and under weight. Cautions had extended over three years. The woman was constantly drunk. She was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and the man was bound over.

WOLF CUBS NURSED BY A COLLIE.

For the first time the London Zoo is experimenting with a foster-mother.

A big American grey wolf had a litter of eight pups three weeks ago. Four she is bringing up herself, and four are being suckled by a collie. Dr. H. Chalmers is interested in the future of these young animals as to what difference in disposition will be shown by each four, as the wolf is fed on raw meat and the collie on dog biscuits.

In a year's time it is possible the Zoo may possess a domesticated wolf, tame as an ordinary dog.

GLUT OF WAR MEDALS.

There is a surfeit of South African war medals on the market, and they can be had for a mere song. A medal with the common Cape Colony or Natal clasp is worth practically nothing, but some of the clasps, from their rarity, have considerable value. The defence of Mafeking clasp will fetch from £8 to £9, and the clasp for the defence of Wepener, a small place which some eighty British successfully held, is worth £6. The poor fellow with the relief of Ladysmith medal can, however, get only a few pence.

The pawnshops are offered large numbers of medals, but in most cases refuse to take them, as the dealer who happens to lend money on a medal belonging to a man still in his regiment is liable to be prosecuted by the commanding officer. One man who recently visited one of these establishments said "If you don't give me something for it I shall give it away. It took me twenty-nine months to win, but I won't keep anything that will remind me of the worst time in my life." He got four shillings.

The yacht race from Dover to Heligoland for the German Emperor's cup is fixed to start from Dover on June 18. The cup has been designed by the German Emperor, who will personally present it to the owners of the winning yacht.

Three children, deserted in 1893 by John Thomas Beadle, a paperhanger, said to be employed at the House of Commons, cost the Southwark rate-payers £400. Beadle when before the magistrate yesterday was ordered three months' hard labour.

A lad of fifteen, named Henry Marlow, was fined 50s. and costs at Kettering yesterday for betting. He declared that he was sent by the men at the factory where he was employed. The chairman said he hoped they would pay the fine.

In connection with the Salvation Army's new emigration scheme, seventy men and women left London last night en route for Canada; the majority being Salvationists of some years' standing. A similar contingent will leave next week. All are proceeding to situations which have been found for them by the Salvation Army's agents in Canada.

DRINK RUINS SOLICITOR'S WIFE.

Another sad story of a once respectable woman's fall through drink was told at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday, when "Minnie Fraser," aged thirty, was sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour for stealing a watch and chain.

The prisoner, who was a native of Glasgow, said that Mary Macdonald, is well educated, and the wife of a solicitor, but drink has been the cause of her ruin. She had been lodging with a woman named Pierce, from whom she stole the watch, in Camden Park-road. She had been previously convicted, and on one occasion there were about forty charges against her.

MODERN MIRACLE.

Had this happened in the Middle Ages it would doubtless have been regarded as a miracle. Some nights ago the premises at the back of a photographer's in Holborn caught fire, and the flames were not extinguished before a great number of valuable prints and paintings had been destroyed.

Among the latter was a large and beautiful picture of the "Ecce Homo" type. Searching among a mass of charred fragments of prints and pictures the salvage men discovered that the figure of Christ in this picture was undamaged, though everything around it had been burnt to tinder.

THE WALKING PARSON.

The Rev. A. N. Cooper, vicar of Fife, who, by his feats of pedestrianism, has earned the title of "The Walking Parson," is expected to visit London for a walk through France to Andover, the small republic between France and Spain. In 1887 he walked to Rome (743 miles), and in three succeeding years he walked respectively across Ireland, from Hamburg to Paris (483 miles), and from Fife to Budapest (610 miles). His other long walks have been across Belgium, through Spain, to the North of Scotland, to Venice, and to Monte Carlo. Mr. Cooper walks on an average thirty miles per day, and this pace he can keep up for weeks.

GRAVE DUG FOR A LIVING MAN.

Some heartless practical joker has been at work in Glasgow. A Braid lady received the following letter saying that her son had committed suicide in a hotel in Glasgow, and that the body lay in the hotel for identification. Arrangements were immediately made for the funeral, invitations being posted to friends of the young man, and Aberdeen mourners were sent to Glasgow to view the remains at the station and accompany them to the North. The grave was dug in due course, but the funeral never took place. Some relatives of the young man went to Glasgow, and there they discovered, greatly to their surprise and joy, that the young man was in the best of health.

BOY'S MONUMENTAL IMPUDENCE.

Some men employed by Mr. Blakemore, a music dealer, of Douglas, were engaged in removing a piano into the Palace Pavilion, and left the empty case on a cart outside the Palace entrance. During their absence a fourteen-year-old newsboy named Watterson got on to the piano and drove away towards Onchan. He sold the case there to some women, and returned to Mr. Blakemore's shop with the tale that he had found the horse wandering away on a country-road.

He said he supposed it was a runaway, and thought he had better bring it back to its owner. The deluded music dealer thanked him for his action and gave him sixpence. In the police court he was ordered to receive six strokes with the birch.

WHERE STOLEN DOGS WILL GO.

The Home Secretary has "approved an arrangement" by which all stolen dogs in the Metropolitan Police area are for sale to the Dogs' Home, Battersea. This will put an end to the sale by auction in police-yards of these poor animals when left unclaimed upon the hands of the police.

It is the outcome of an offer by the National Canine Defence League that it would pay for the keep of stolen dogs if the clear sale from the station of the dog-stick would advertise the dogs daily during that period, and, finally, would purchase and find good homes for them if unclaimed at the end of the seven days. The society is willing to extend this offer to the heads of police in large towns and cities.

VICARIOUS PUNISHMENT.

James Coleseil told the magistrate at Slough yesterday that he was walking home in Datchet when Daniel McCoye, a burly private of the 3rd Scots Guards, walked up to him and struck him a violent blow in the face. He was both hurt and surprised, for he had never seen McCoye before in his life.

The soldier said Coleseil and a woman named Drew rode from Datchet to Windsor in the same railway carriage as he did prior to the assault. The woman kept passing uncomplimentary remarks about him, and as it was not his place to strike a woman he hit Coleseil.

The magistrates thought the defence unsatisfactory, and fined McCoye £2, including costs.

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

MYSTERY OF A BULLET.

Nursery Governess's Story of Her Former Lover's Attack.

One of the wounds which Miss Florence Royle, the Streatham nursery governess, received during the attack made on her while walking on Streatham Common is the subject of considerable mystery. Though, according to medical evidence, the wound was caused by a bullet, there was no bullet in the wound, and even examination with Roentgen rays revealed no trace of it.

At the time she was shot at Miss Royle was wearing a fur necklet, and on Sunday last, when she was about to put this on, a bullet fell out of it. Subsequently this was handed to the police.

Miss Royle was sufficiently recovered from her injuries yesterday to be able to attend the South-Western Police Court, when George Arthur Ritson, a cycle agent, of Gathorpe-street, Moss Side, Manchester, was again before the magistrate charged with shooting her with intent to murder. Miss Royle, attractively attired in a blue costume and a black hat, was the principal witness.

Engaged for Five Years.

She explained that she had known Ritson for more than seven years, and had been engaged to him for five or six years, but about six months ago she broke off the engagement. For the past three months she had been in London, acting as nursery governess to Mr. Covell, of High-road, Streatham. Between three weeks and a month ago she saw Ritson in Streatham, and had a conversation with him, but nothing was said about the engagement. Altogether she saw him five or six times, Ritson saying on the second occasion, "I have come to bid you good-bye before I go to Canada."

The Magistrate: Were all the six or seven meetings of a friendly character?—No; not exactly. Several times I told him I did not wish to see him again.

On the understanding that she was leaving for Southampton that day she met Ritson on Tuesday, March 29, and while walking down the road with him he took a revolver out of his pocket and asked her whether she would have walked down the road with him had she known he had the revolver.

She said: "Yes. I am not nervous." Telling her that he was taking it abroad with him Ritson put it back in his pocket. Miss Royle thought that was the last she was to see of him.

However, on the following Thursday she took her employer's three children—one in a perambulator—out during the morning, and while walking along the road leading to Tooting Common saw Ritson following her at a distance of about twenty yards. Afterwards she heard someone running, and looking round saw Ritson standing at her back with a glass half full of some liquid in his left hand. He ran towards her as if to throw something, and she then saw him take a revolver out of his pocket and point it. She turned and ran across the common. She saw he was running after her, and then heard him fire.

Bullet Disappears.

Five shots were fired altogether, three of them taking effect, two only grazing her, but the second shot of the five striking her at the back of the head. This was the shot which is now the cause of such perplexity.

Dr. Brock, the assistant-divisional police surgeon, attended Miss Royle after her assailant had run away. The wound at the back of her head was circular in shape, and the edges were contused. But no bullet could be found. The magistrate asked where the bullet could have gone to, and was told that it might have fallen out of the wound.

In the opinion of the doctor, the wound could not have been caused by a blank cartridge fired from close at hand, as there was no evidence of scorching. His opinion was that the bullet must have been fired from a distance not less than six feet.

The magistrate said he had a question whether the bullet produced found in the necklet had ever been fired or not. He would like to have expert evidence with regard to it, and the hearing was adjourned until to-day to enable these witnesses to be called.

In cross-examination by a Manchester solicitor, who appeared on behalf of Ritson, Miss Royle said that she did not kiss Ritson when they said good-bye. Ritson had been very desperate when he found he could not win her back again, and had once threatened to commit suicide. When the engagement was first broken off he had threatened to take her life.

PERSONAL.

F. G. SMITH (Southsea).—Have written. No.

K. L.—Take care. Not till Sunday.—BEANS.

LOMBARD-STREET.—Do not fail me to-day at two.

W. SCOTTIE.—Special business shall be attended to.

Trust me.—S. L. H.

DUTCHMAN.—Why worry. Patience. Charing-cross inn, Friday morning.—HIPPO.

WILL E. G. BRENCHELY communicate immediately to Mr. LESSER, 113, Soho-street, Birmingham.

TRIX.—Thanks for L. Hope be better now. How I should like to be near you, dear! Research you write at once if possible. Will ever remain your alone.

J. S.—The least you can do is to share with me, considering the position I am in, and the difficulty I have had with the baby and my latest friend you can imagine.—ARTHUR.

LOST, Monday, Black Silk Bag, Old Silver Mount, Silver Powder Box, Chain, etc., between Sloane-square and Woodlands probably.—Reward if sent to Mrs. Johnston, 61, Cadogan-square.

LOST at Victoria (S.E. and C. Rly.), left in rack, first-class carriage, train from Bexhill arriving 8.30 Easter Monday, Sealskin Jacket.—Good Reward given if restored to A.G., c/o J. A. Owen, Goldhurst-terrace, South Hampstead.

* * * The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged as follows: First eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personals column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Cavendish-street, London.

ACTOR, ACTRESS, AND VICAR.

Unhappy Experiences of Matrimony Described by Petitioners for Divorce.

It was a theatrical day in the Divorce Court yesterday. In two cases on the "undefended" list, members of the theatrical profession were principal parties. An actor obtained a divorce, and an actress was divorced.

The actor's story took the longer time to tell. It was an extraordinary account of a man's attempt to reclaim from devious paths the life of a woman whom he loved.

Mr. George Harry Summers is a gentleman who has only recently taken to the stage as a profession. Lately he has been engaged by Mr. Forbes Robertson, and has attained some success.

In 1883, long before he had any idea of going on the stage, he went out to Australia, and it was in Sydney that he met his wife Marian. He married her himself.

After listening to the story, frankly told by Mr. Summers, whose youthful appearance and fresh, clean-shaven face would not lead one to suppose he has gone through so much trouble, and to the experiences of policemen with north-country accents, Mr. Justice Barnes pronounced the decree nisi.



MR. GEORGE H. SUMMERS, a young actor of Mr. Forbes Robertson's company, was granted a divorce from his wife yesterday.—(sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

ried her in 1887, in spite of the fact that she belonged to a class from which young men do not usually choose wives.

Mr. Summers was at that time employed in an insurance office, and he settled down with his wife in Sydney. His experiment turned out badly for him from the start. The woman whom he had married proved to be very temperate, and also at once became extremely violent towards her husband. She was in the habit of striking him with sticks, and anything that she could put her hand on when she was in a passion, and she also repeatedly kicked him.

When Mr. Summers, after his counsel's opening statement, went into the witness-box to give evidence, he pointed to his forehead and said that there were three scars on it made by missiles that his wife had thrown at him when they were living in Sydney.

Not did violence and intemperance represent the whole of Mrs. Summers's shortcomings in the Sydney days. On one occasion Mr. Summers had to spend some days away from home. When he returned he found his house shut up. The explanation of this was very painful. The police had closed the house because it had been frequented by bad characters in his absence.

New Scheme for Reformation.

In pursuit of his effort to make a respectable woman of his wife Mr. Summers determined to bring her to England. She had promised amendment, and for a short time kept her promise. But it was only for a short time. When he remonstrated with her again she told him that she would do exactly as she liked.

When they arrived in London, on the way to Liverpool, where Mr. Summers's parents lived, there was a violent scene at the hotel at which they put up.

She threw an inkpot at me, and cut my eye," said Mr. Summers in detailing this episode.

The husband was now without work and without means, so when he had got his wife to Liverpool he arranged that she should live in apartments, for which Mr. Summers, senior, his father, paid, while

he himself was provided with quarters at his parents' home. In Liverpool Mrs. Summers again assaulted her husband. One of her attacks took place in the open street.

In search of work Mr. Summers went to the South of England, visiting Plymouth and then Portsmouth. His wife was in the meantime in possession of the quarters provided for her. Her bad treatment of him followed him on his journey, and in Portsmouth, to his amazement, he found himself arrested. It appeared that Mrs. Summers had, when he went away, applied for an order of maintenance, of the granting of which he was not informed, and then had got an order for his arrest on the plea that payments were not forthcoming.

This order was put an end to by some facts which were afterwards laid before the Liverpool authorities. It was discovered that Mrs. Summers had misconducted herself with a seafaring man. A policeman, looking through a window in the house where she lived, was an eye-witness of the misconduct.

After listening to the story, frankly told by Mr. Summers, whose youthful appearance and fresh, clean-shaven face would not lead one to suppose he has gone through so much trouble, and to the experiences of policemen with north-country accents, Mr. Justice Barnes pronounced the decree nisi.

FAITHLESS ACTRESS WIFE.

The story which ended in the divorce of the actress, Mrs. Marian White, was a character with which the Divorce Court is much more familiar. It was one of those cases, unhappily so prevalent, where a husband loses his wife's allegiance through a long absence from home on his part.

Mr. John Barton White married Mrs. White in 1890. Then for nine years they lived together happily together. In 1899, however, business considerations obliged Mr. White to take a voyage to Australia, and while he was away his wife made the acquaintance of an actor named Frederick Arthur Emery.

When her husband came back she had to make a confession, but he forgave her, and continued to live with her until 1903.

Last year Mrs. White became a member of the company playing "In a Woman's Grip" at the Crystal Palace, and in the same company was the Mr. Emery who had been the cause of the unhappiness of three years before.

Once again infatuation got the better of her loyalty as a wife, and in the end she went to live with Mr. Emery at Notting Hill.

In a letter to her husband begging him not to take divorce proceedings, she pleaded "the children's sake," but the proceedings were taken, and a decree nisi granted yesterday.

VICAR'S JUDICIAL SEPARATION.

At the end of a long day in the Divorce Court, during which many husbands and wives, including a miner who cited his own brother as co-respondent, had asked for release from faithless partners, a clergyman of the Church of England appeared as a petitioner.

He, too, complained of a wife who had deserted him for another man, but, unlike the other husbands, he only asked for a judicial separation. This was because, counsel explained, the Rev. Gilbert Lyon—that was the clerical petitioner's name—vicar of Clonford, near Frome, in Somerset, has conscientious objections to divorce.

He told the story of his married life in a low, gentle voice which contrasted strongly with his strong face and big frame.

He was married, he said, in 1892. All went well until his wife's mother interfered with his household, and then his wife, who had borne him two children, insisted on occupying a separate bed. She also refused to sit with him in the same room. She made some acquaintances of whom he disapproved, and invited these people—a Mr. and Mrs. Biggs—to stay at the vicarage against his will.

It was to Mr. Biggs that she went when she deserted him in 1902.

She then sent him a curt letter stating that "she was now living with Mr. Biggs, and from that time would see him no more. Her address would be in future the Post Office, Cape Town."

With Mr. Biggs she went to South Africa, and afterwards to Australia.

Evidence was given on commission by Mrs. Lyon's brother that he had met her with Mr. Biggs, whom she called "Reg," in New South Wales, and then Mr. Lyon had his modest request for a judicial separation granted to him.

MARRIED FOR PEACE.

Octogenarian's Third Wife is "the Plague of His Life."

With the idea of securing peace and comfort in his old age, William Henry Lomax, a retired postmaster, living in Kilburn, married his housekeeper, who is thirty years his junior, five years ago. But he was disappointed, he told Mr. Plowden at Marylebone yesterday, for he found her the plague of his life, and now summoned her for assault.

The complainant, who is eighty-one years old, gave instances of the way in which his peace has been disturbed. Dozens and dozens of times his wife had threatened to dash his brains out and jump upon him till he was dead, and then he hung for him. On Easter Sunday she got drunk, he said, and pinned him to a chair, abusing him shamefully. He could not understand her behaviour, for he had never wronged her.

In reply to Mr. Erke Palmer, who appeared on behalf of the wife, he admitted that she was his third wife.

Unlucky Man!

Mr. Palmer: The first you divorced?

Witness: Yes.

The second you said drank herself to death?—No.

And the third you say drinks too?—Yes.

What an unlucky man!

Mr. Plowden: He would have been more unlucky if he had had none. "Are there any good points about your wife?" he asked the old man.

"Oh," he replied, "she's all right at housework and cooking, but what's the use of a cow giving good milk if she kicks it over the next minute?" Mr. Plowden: Are you as nice to her as she is to you?—I think ten times nicer. I forgive her, but she says she hates me.

Mr. Plowden: All you want is that she should give up kicking over the pail.

Called as a witness, the wife denied the charge of assault, and said that though she had tried her best to make her husband comfortable he had not treated her very nicely.

Mr. Plowden: What made you marry him?

Defendant: Because he told me when I was married I should have £100 put into my hand.

She didn't get the £100, however, and, she said, admitted, disappointed her and affected her temper.

"May and December Cannot Mate."

Mr. Plowden said it was clear neither of them married for love. The man married for peace, although he had reached an age when, whether he liked it or not, he was pretty sure to get it—and rest, while the woman married for nothing but the £100.

If either of them had had their senses about them they would have remembered that "May and December cannot mate."

A second marriage had often been called "a triumph of hope over the first experience," and one could understand that; but when it tried to triumph over two experiences, it showed a sanguine nature which was not often to be found in men, much less in a man of eighty-one years of age.

Warning the wife as to her future conduct, the magistrate bound her over in £20 to keep the peace.

SUICIDE OF A JUDGE'S BROTHER.

Shoots Himself Six Days After Mr. Justice Byrne's Death.

Pathetic evidence was given at the inquest concerning the death of Mr. Gregory Widdington Byrne, a brother of the late Mr. Justice Byrne. It will be remembered deceased was found shot in his chambers at Bell-yard, Temple-bar, six days after the Judge's death.

Mr. Lovell Widdington, who said his brother was a solicitor. He suffered from a kind of rheumatic paralysis, and had little to do, his business being rather a poor one. The late Judge gave him pecuniary assistance. He was greatly upset at his death. Witness offered to assist him, but this would have necessitated his leaving London altogether.

With his brother witness went to the Judge's funeral. He bore the fatigue and strain much better than witness thought would be the case. Once when a boy he threatened to throw himself into a pond because he had to return to school after the holidays.

William Ingram, caretaker at Bell-yard-chambers, said he was surprised to see Mr. Byrne return to his office at 6 p.m. on Sunday. This was very unusual. He was wearing a bandage over the right eye. At 10 p.m., on going over the premises, witness found the door of Mr. Byrne's office on the second floor was locked. Looking through a window he saw Mr. Byrne lying on his back on the couch with a six-chambered revolver in his right hand. There was a bullet wound piercing the surgical bandage over the right eye, and witness saw at once that life was extinct.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane.

VICAR'S DEATH IN A CAB.

Medical evidence given at the inquest held at Westminster, on the Rev. A. Barrington, vicar of St. Mary-le-Tower, Ipswich, showed death was due to heart failure.

A cabman said that early on Sunday morning he was hailed by the reverend gentleman, who was leaning against some railings in Buckingham Palace-road. Mr. Barrington said, "I have called two or three cabs, and they would not stop." Witness drove him to a doctor's house, but he died before arriving there.

SMALL CAUSE FOR PISTOL SHOTS.

Because his wife refused to get out of bed and find him a clean shirt, a Paris workman named Tarni drew out a revolver and fired four shots at her as she lay in bed.

Although he was within two yards of her, only two bullets struck her, and the police arrived in time to prevent the husband from further endeavours to improve his marksmanship.

"DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" SMALL ADVERTISEMENT FORM.

Small Advertisements written on this form will be accepted at the Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, 2, Cavendish Street, W. 2, Cavendish Street, E.C. (one minute from Blackfriars Bridge), for insertion in the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, at the rate of 12 words 1/- (minimum), 1d. per word afterwards. (Name and Address must be paid for.)

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AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT, at 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Preceded at 8.30 by THE WIDOW WOOD.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15,
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER
On SATURDAY NEXT, at 8.30, will be produced
A Romantic Comedy, entitled
MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER.
Capt. Harry Payne and MR. LEWIS WALLER.
FIRST MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 2.30.
Box-office open 10 to 5. Telephone 3,193 Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
TO-NIGHT (THURSDAY), at 8.30,
will be acted, for the first time,
"SATURDAY TO MONDAY."

An Irresponsible Comedy in Three Acts.
By Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce.
FIRST MATINEE, WEDNESDAY NEXT, April 20, at 2.30.
Box-office open 10 to 10. Tel. 3903 Ger.—ST. JAMES'S.

STRAND THEATRE. Proprietor and Manager,
MR. FRANK CURZON. A CHINESE HONEY-
MOON (8 o'clock). By George Dance. Made by H. H. H. H.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—Proprietor, Sir
CHARLES WYNDHAM. Sole Lessee and Manager,
FRANK CURZON. TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, Miss JOA
MOLESWORTH presents Ronald Macdonald's Play, THE
SWORD OF THE KING. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT
and WEDNESDAY, April 20, at 2.30.

THE OXFORD.—R. G. KNOWLES, HARRY
RANDALL, GEORGE ROBEY, George Lashwood,
GUS ELEN, The McNamions, HARRY LAUDER, the
Polakins, Fanny Fields, and hosts of other stars.—Open 7.30.
SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30.
Manager—MR. ALBERT GILMER.

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Mirror.

The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1904.

**GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION
EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES.**

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

The cause of "Sabbath observance"—
meaning the cause of those who hold that any
Sunday occupation except prayer and praise is
sinful—has received a very hard knock from
the Archbishop of Canterbury. Some busy-
body called his Grace's attention the other
day to the fact that the Prime Minister
played golf on Sundays. If he expected
the Archbishop to denounce Sunday games
he has been woefully disappointed.

The Church, said Dr. Davidson in his reply,
has never laid down detailed rules for indi-
viduals in this matter. "Each of them is re-
sponsible to God for so using the Lord's Day
as to fit him best for the working days that
follow." That is a common-sense view of
the case, which is it particularly refreshing
to get from an Archbishop. What a long
way we have advanced from the days of the
Primate who, only fifty years back, warned
Lord Palmerston that he could not answer for
the consequences if bands were allowed to
play in the parks on Sundays!

We wish we could hope that Dr. David-
son's rebuff to the anti-enjoyment on Sundays
societies would have an immediate effect
upon the railway companies. In other coun-
tries the first day of the week is properly re-
garded as a day of rest and recreation, and
every effort is made to enable it to be plea-
santly passed. In Germany there are even more
trains on Sundays than on other days, be-
cause there are more people at liberty to
travel. Special opportunities are given to
workers, cooped up all the rest of the week in
offices and workshops, to get into the fresh
air and refresh themselves with the beauties
of Nature.

Here, on the contrary, it is made as diffi-
cult as possible to get out of squalid towns
into the glad country. Why do railway
shareholders permit their dividends to be
kept down by the refusal of officials to take
advantage of Sunday traffics, which would be
enormous if they were sensibly encouraged?
People who work on Sundays can get a day
off in the week, so there need be no hesitation
on the score of hardship to employees. It is
simply the fear of the sour-faced, selfish Sab-
batarian which has to be conquered, and now
that the Archbishop has dealt these "unco"

guid" nuisances such a swinging blow, one
may hope that victory is not so very far off.

Who is the more likely to drink too much
—the man who is enjoying a well-cooked
meal of pleasant foods with varied flavours,
or a man who has before him a steak with all
the goodness burnt out of it, a few hard,
watery potatoes, a piece of tasteless, unappea-
lating bread, and a slab of cheese which looks
about as inviting as a half-brick? The
answer is obvious. Drink is the only comfort
the second man can turn to, and yet he is
typical of nine, at least, out of every ten of
the labouring classes in England.

To those who have studied the causes of in-
temperance it is a commonplace that the
chief cause is discomfort in the home. Yet,
to judge by the surprise with which people
have received an asylum doctor's remarks
about the close connection between bad cook-
ing and drunkenness, it would seem that they
find it a new point of view altogether. For
all reasons we ought to insist on every girl in
the country learning to cook. Properly-
cooked food would not only make us a more
sober nation. It would, to a great extent,
prevent the physical degeneration which is
so rapidly going on in our great cities. Many
things which are most nutritious when they
are suitably prepared for the table are not
only nasty, but positively dangerous to health
if they do not receive the necessary prepara-
tion.

Ireland is the natural home of grievances,
and the latest cry from that distressful coun-
try is to the effect that the Jews of Limerick
are being persecuted by Roman Catholics. The
leading spirit of this new crusade is a monk
belonging to the Redemptorist Order, who
goes about reminding people how the Jews
of old slew the prophets and martyrs, and
urging that they would be just as hard on the
Christians of to-day if they had the power.
Foolish and cruel as such talk is, the monk
has this slight excuse for it—that his Order
was expelled from France, and that this came
about, as he believes in common with the
majority of French people, through the
machinations of the Jews.

Probably he would have less attention paid
to him if the Jews in Limerick were not of
alien origin, and engaged in making money
very rapidly at the expense of the Irish. That
appears to be the real cause of the outcry
against them. Jews have never been popu-
lar or, until lately, plentiful in Ireland. Even
as late as 1746 there were only two hundred
of them there, and they were not permitted to
naturalise themselves as subjects of King
George. In recent years their number has
very much increased, and probably the Irish
peasants and small traders are beginning,

like the Russians, to feel the pinch of their
presence.

The idea that Carlyle and his wife lived
on cat-and-dog terms throughout their mar-
ried life ought to be completely dispelled by
the new letters of the Sage which Mr. Lane
has just published. Whether it will be dis-
pelled is another matter. It is always much
easier to make people believe a report of dis-
agreements between husband and wife than to
induce them to give up their impression
that "there must have been something in it,
after all." But no one who reads his letters
to her, or her letters about him, in these
volumes can have any doubt that Carlyle and
his wife had a very deep and sincere affection
for one another all their lives.

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

THE "CHESHIRE CHEESE" AND DR. JOHNSON.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

Apropos of the article referring to Dr. Johnson's
connection with the "Cheshire Cheese" in Fleet-
street, which appeared in yesterday's issue of your
paper, I should be glad if any of your readers
would kindly inform me where I can find a con-
temporaneous account of such a connection. So
far as Boswell is concerned, I am unable to find
any reference to this particular resort, and, in the
famous biography of Johnson, he is most careful
to chronicle all the hostilities used by that famous
man.

The old "Cock," and the "Mitre," formerly in
Fleet-street, and the "Turk's Head," in Gerrard-
street, where the famous Literary Club held its
meetings, are all familiar to the readers of Boswell.
But the "Cheshire Cheese," so far as I know, is
nowhere mentioned. AN ENQUIRER.

London, April 12.

PLOVERS' EGGS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

The article in the Daily Mirror of to-day (April
12) on plovers' eggs contains some remarkable
statements.

In one place it is stated, and rightly, that the
majority of eggs sold in London are those of the
lapwing, or black plover. The writer has evi-
dently never seen a lapwing, or he would know
that, with the exception of its crest, the bird is
glossy green, and not black. He then goes on to
say that lapwings belong, not to the plovers, but
to the buzzards.

Now, the lapwing (*vanellus cristatus*) belongs
to the order of grallae, or waders, while the buzzard
(*buteo vulgaris*) belongs to the order of accipitres,
or birds of prey, so that the writer's ornithology is
sadly at fault.

I can only suggest that a buzzard is an error for
the bustard (*otis tarda*), a bird now extinct in
Britain.

The eggs of both the green and golden plover
vary so widely that I am confident that the average
man would be sorely put to it to distinguish
between them, even with the aid of your detailed
description.

R. SHOLTO HEDDERWICK.

Dunclutha, Eltham, Kent, April 12.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

Plovers' eggs are unmistakable to anyone with
experience. Rooks' and crows' eggs in no way
resemble plovers' eggs either in shape or colouring.
Redshanks', greenshanks', ruffs', golden and grey

plovers', which, however, are all plovers, are very
similar to the lapwings', but are much scarcer.
Some gulls and terns' eggs might deceive the in-
experienced, but the shape is different. Probably
nine out of ten that you get in the West End of
London are the eggs of the lapwing; the tenth,
that of the golden plover.

ARCHIBALD S. DREUMOND.
Wolverene, Cliftonville, Margate.

COURTING IN CHURCH.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

I met my wife in church, and have been thank-
ful ever since. I was a clerk in a City office, fresh
from the country, knowing not a soul in the neigh-
bourhood where I had to live. I made some
acquaintances, of course, but I met no nice girls.
One Sunday I noticed that the girl in front of
me in church had a very pretty figure and sang
nicely. Next week I found she had a very sweet
face. A few Sundays afterwards I sat next to her
and she shared her hymn-book with me. After
that—well, the rest can be guessed.

I owe her all my happiness and much of my
success in life, for I now employ many clerks of
my own, and I always say to them, "Go to church
regularly and you may be blessed as I was."
THROGMORTON-STREET.

LACK OF PARENTS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

Mr. Moreton is quite right. The whole spirit
of the age is against large families—some people
think against having families at all. Who have
the large families? The stupid men and women,
the careless, incompetent, foolish parents who gen-
erally ruin their offspring, body and soul.
I read a case in the paper to-day of a woman in
Battersea who had had twenty-four children, no
fewer than seventeen of whom had died! Often
in a family you find the eldest child or two strong
and sensible, and the rest poor creatures who would
be better dead. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.

Fitzjohn's-avenue, Hampstead, April 13.

OVERCROWDED TRAINS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

Doubtless you mean well, and think you are
doing your duty by getting up an agitation against
overcrowding on railways, but don't you think it
possible that there may be another side of the ques-
tion?

Take my case for instance. I am a widow,
totally unprovided for, with two children to sup-
port, and I have had to seek some occupation com-
patible with my abilities, which means that I am
a worker in the City. I have no superfluous cash,
and cannot live far out; the consequence is that
whatever station I go from the trains are generally
"full" in the sense that there are no seats vacant.
What am I to do if I am not allowed to get in and
stand? The fight for the "buses in the mornings
is even worse than that for the trains.

The greatest blessing about a train is to me—that
one can always get in somewhere. Surely, if
I don't mind the inconvenience of standing I may
be allowed to get to my work somehow?

A WOMAN WHO STANDS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

Some of your correspondents grumble because
they have to travel by the Underground Railway
where they are overcrowded, six each side and four
standing up in each carriage. I would like them
to try the N.L. Railway between Broad Street and
Homerton; the carriages are built for five a-side,
but they squeeze six a-side, and stand eight to
eleven as well, so I think this is worse than the
Underground. J. G.

Salisbury House, E.C.



THE GO-OUT-AFTER-EVERY-ACT BEAST.

ERSE V. ENGLISH.

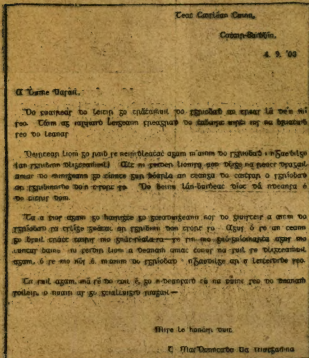
Mr. Mahony, J.P., Forbidden to Use the Language of Erin.

CHANCELLOR'S COLD LOGIC.

Another injustice to Ireland is ventilated by the published correspondence between Mr. Thomas M'Donogh Mahony, J.P., and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

Mr. Mahony, who is a justice of the peace, has developed a curious fancy for signing his name to warrants in characters which "are alleged to be those of the Irish language."

It was pointed out to him that this practice was illegal and inconvenient, and he was suspended from the magisterial bench pending a change of heart, or of orthography. Nothing daunted by the action of the oppressor, Mr. Mahony claimed that he was using his own ordinary signature, and would not be justified in using an English one.



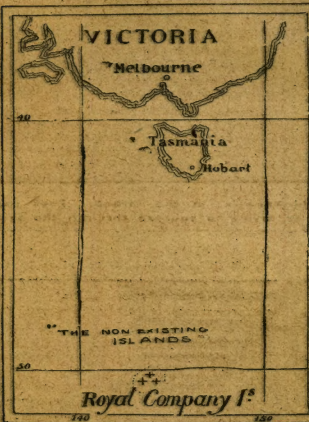
He significantly concluded, "There is a great principle involved." This letter was written in Irish, but a translation was kindly forwarded.

The Lord Chancellor politely informed Mr. Mahony that convenience required magistrates' signatures to be in English, and he brought the law to his aid by quoting Hdr Geo. II., cap. 6, which provides that all documents of this kind shall be in the English language.

Mr. Mahony then threw doubt on the Chancellor's law, and held the statute quoted did not apply to a signature. He sadly recalled the fact that some signatures cannot be deciphered even by writing experts, and "was forced with pain to the conclusion" that the Chancellor's action was an insult to Ireland.

In his next letter the Lord Chancellor scored a point, which virtually ended the amusing discussion, as no direct confutation was forthcoming. He said that when Mr. Mahony was appointed a magistrate he signed the official memorandum in English, and had since carried on a correspondence with the Lord Chancellor's office in English, so he cannot "have the slightest difficulty in signing as required by his Lordship."

There the matter rests. Mr. Mahony has made a bold bid for freedom in signatures, but the cold logic of an unemotional Government office has been too much for him, as it has been for other reformers.



COULD NOT BEAR CONTRADICTION.

Louise Cotin, a young girl of fifteen, living at Villenombrie after a slight discussion with her mother and sister, left the room declaring that she would never return. Her mother took no notice of the threat at the time, but as the girl had not come back at midnight she became anxious, and searched the neighbourhood, but without success.

Some hours later the body of the unfortunate girl was found upon the railway line near by in a horrible condition—the head having been completely severed from the body.

NUISANCE OF THE "QUEUE."

Obstruction Which Is Not Remedied by Shelters Outside Theatres.

Is the theatre queue an inevitable evil? Efforts from time to time have been made to minimise the obstruction it causes on some of London's busiest streets, but, as will be seen from pictures published on Pages 8 and 9, it still causes discomfort to pedestrians, and is a source of constant irritation to those shopkeepers whose doorways are obstructed.

To the theatre-going public who patronise the cheaper seats the necessity of reaching the theatre long before the doors open, and standing in a long queue at the mercy of the cold, the wind, or the rain, has long been a grievance for which many remedies have been suggested. A system of booking seats for the pit and gallery has been tried, but failed to find favour.

It has been suggested that the doors of these cheaper parts of the house should be opened earlier, but it would entail a considerable extra expense on the management, and whatever the hour fixed for opening the doors, the public would, as now, reach there some time before they were open.

Realising the practical impossibility of dealing satisfactorily with the problem, most theatres have shelters outside of their doors, so as to make their patrons more comfortable.

The police have done their best in the matter, and in addition to regulating the crowds have, where possible, formed the queue in side streets adjacent to the various theatres. But this, as will be seen by the photographs published to-day, does not entirely meet the difficulty.

SPRING OR SUMMER?

Sunshine, Straw Hats, and Straw-berries.

Despite the heavy thunderstorm that broke over London early yesterday morning, the day was delightfully genial and summerlike.

In the City men in the luncheon hour strolled about trying to get cool with coats unbuttoned, and discarded waistcoats showing shiny shirtfronts.

The same state of things prevailed in the West End; the smart young men who stroll up and down Piccadilly with gardenias in their button-holes were crimson roses yesterday and straw hats with club, military, or school colours.

About half past three in the afternoon the traffic was stopped at Hyde Park Corner to enable no fewer than twenty-five open carriages and motors to pass out of the gates. These were full of ladies holding up delicate summery parasols and wearing elegant light attire with flowery hats.

In the tea-shops in Bond-street and Regent-street, the legends "Strawberries and Cream" and "Ices" have appeared, and found many patrons; and a lady who, faithful to the old adage, "Cast not a clout till May is out," took her afternoon walk in her furs encountered so many and such scornful glances that she shamefacedly took refuge in a hansom and was trundled away to South Kensington.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RETURN.

Mr. Chamberlain will arrive in London to-morrow evening, and will stay the night at his London residence in Prince's-garden, proceeding to High-bury on Saturday morning.

JUMPED OVERBOARD FROM A MAIL-BOAT.



BUDGET-INSURANCES.

High Rates Show the Probability of Increased Income Tax.

Speculation at Lloyd's upon the possibilities of the Budget was pretty brisk throughout yesterday. It was the almost unanimous opinion of City speculators that the income tax would be increased, and the insurances against an additional penny or more reached as high as fifty guineas per cent.

It is the general opinion in the grain trade that a corn tax will be one of the items of the coming Budget, and insurance against the risk ranged from thirty to forty guineas. In the mineral oil market it is the general belief that a tax will be levied on petroleum, and merchants were asked to pay as high as twenty-five guineas per cent.

Timber merchants are expecting a tax on timber, and to ensure against this they have to pay twenty guineas per cent. at Lloyd's.

There was no business on the risk of an increased tax on exported coal, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has officially informed the coal merchants that there will be no increase.



PRIDE AND POVERTY.

Young Laundress Who Refuses Charity and Embarrasses a Judge.

Public sympathy with the case of a young Holloway laundress named Lily Ebury, whose story was told in Clerkenwell Court some days ago, has placed Judge Edge, who presides at the court, in a singular difficulty. On taking his seat yesterday he stated that he had already received fifty-six letters, containing money equivalent to about twenty or thirty times the amount of the total debt for failing to pay an instalment, of which the girl had been brought before the court.

Many of the letters were from persons who remained anonymous, while on Tuesday a gentleman called at the court and paid the debt in full, but refused to leave his name and address.

It will be remembered that the girl was found to be ill when she was arrested for failing to pay an instalment of 2s., and the high bailiff therefore brought her before the County Court instead of taking her to prison. The Judge released her, and suspended the warrant on learning that she only earned 9s. a week.

Judge's Dilemma.

But now the Judge finds himself confronted by an apparently insuperable difficulty. "I am informed by the high bailiff," he said, "that the girl steadily refuses to receive a single penny of the money, saying that she wishes to settle her own debts, and does not want charity or publicity. I am left in a difficult position. How can I return the money sent by anonymous senders?"

He wished to mention, however, that the plaintiff who sued the girl was really poorer than the debtor herself, and by the girl's own admission had been very kind to her.

The girl's refusal to accept the charity was a strong trait in her character, and worthy of the highest commendation. But what to do with the money was the difficulty. He hoped that knowledge of the position he was placed in would be a deterrent to the generous public who send money anonymously. There were ways of enclosing names with instructions for them not to be mentioned.

WOMEN'S APALLING CRUELTY.

An almost incredible case of cruelty has just come to light in Vienna. The police were informed that a man aged fifty-five was being confined by his three elder, unmarried sisters in a stable. An inspector paid a visit to the house, and found the luckless victim of his sisters' cruelty lying in the stable, and in a condition that beggars description. "He is a drunken vagabond," protested the sisters. "The man, who was too ill to move, was taken to the Rudolf Hospital."

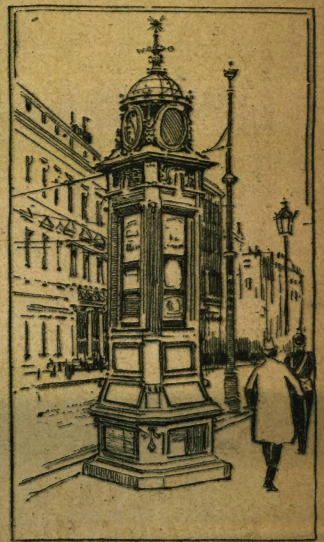
LONDON'S LYING CLOCKS.

They Do These Things Better in Berlin.

"It is possible to make all the clocks of London agree as to the time of day. It is simply apathetic neglect on the part of those who control them that causes the discrepancies in time that now exist."

This statement was made yesterday to a *Mirror* representative by Mr. Newitt, secretary of the Standard Time Company, Limited, 19, Queen Victoria-street, whose attention had been drawn to the *Mirror* article on London's lying clocks.

Berlin was cited by Mr. Newitt as an example for London in this matter. There the requirements of the public are met by the establishment of fifty-three clocks, placed at convenient points



in the streets, and kept constantly correct by synchronisation. Six of these are known as normal or standard clocks, connected with the observatory by underground cable. They afford the time standard by which all public and private clocks are regulated. Their cost, including erection, is £60 each, with £11 10s. per annum for maintenance.

These are supplemented by thirty *Urania* towers, having two dials each (an illustration of one of these clocks is here given). These are synchronised by the Standard Time Company. Their initial cost is £200 each. Fifteen of these are fitted with barometers, thermometers, and humidity indicators. These cost £34 5s. per annum for maintenance; the others £25 each. Uniformity in the clocks is guaranteed within a difference of half a minute.

The remaining seventeen are known as *candelabra* clocks. These have three dials, cost £2,750 to erect, and £280 per annum for maintenance. They are also perfectly synchronised.

"It will be seen," said Mr. Newitt, "that the total expenditure by the municipality on public clocks is £4,500, with an annual outlay of £1,250, of which a great part is repaid by letting advertising space on the *Urania* towers."

There is no need for London to expend money on providing new clocks, for it is quite possible with those at present in existence to show perfect uniformity of time.

By arrangement with the Greenwich Observatory a perfect system for providing uniformity of public time exists at the Victoria-street offices of the Standard Time Company. At the present time over 7,000 London clocks are synchronised by this company.

The question of insisting on accuracy in public clocks has received the attention of the London County Council and the City Corporation, both of which bodies have passed ordinances providing that in future permission will not be given for the erection of public clocks unless it is arranged that they shall show the correct Greenwich time.



HOW THE THEATRE QUEUES BLOCK THE PAVEMENT

STAR FOR THE ALHAMBRA.



Miss Marie Lloyd, a pretty singer who hails from Vienna and is delighting the Alhambra audiences. Miss Marie Lloyd's admirers say that she and Miss Moraw bear a marked likeness to each other.

MOTOR-CAR GOES TO EARTH.



The handyman to the fore as usual. Jack takes a hand in extricating the remains of a motor-car from a ditch on the Lymington road. The front of the car was broken to pieces.

JUDGE AT BAR AND RAIL.

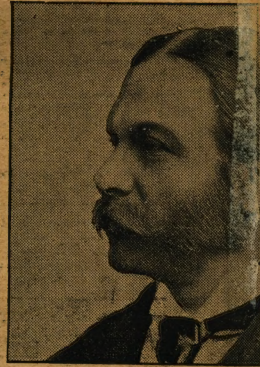


Mr. Justice Grantham acted at Bar point-to-point steepleshot way home he was robbed at Station.

HOW THEY DIG IN AMERICA.



In New York, where they hustle, digging is done by machinery. This trench was dug by the steam shovel in twenty-four hours. How long would a trench like it take in London?



Viscount Duncannon, who will take the place of the late Mr. Frederick Gordon Gurney, is the new director of the famous G. (Photo by Russell and

NEW MILITARY HOSPITAL IN LONDON.



The large military hospital for the London garrison, which has been built on the Thames Embankment, near the Tate Gallery, will shortly be ready for occupation. Other large military hospitals will be erected about the country.

THE THEATRE QUEUE



Queue waiting outside the Adelphi Theatre, in the Strand. Foot passengers prefer to walk in the road to trying to squeeze through the crowd.

GUNNERY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



Norwegian artillerymen are specially trained to manoeuvre in the snow. Campaigning under these conditions would puzzle the British Tommy.



At the new Gaiety Theatre the crowd can wait under cover, and the pavement is sufficiently wide to avoid inconvenience.—(Special "Mirror" photograph.)

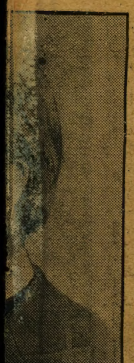
SOM

MENTS OF LONDON'S BUSIEST THOROUGHFARES

DE COURSE.



Stage at the
theatre. On the
Baker-street



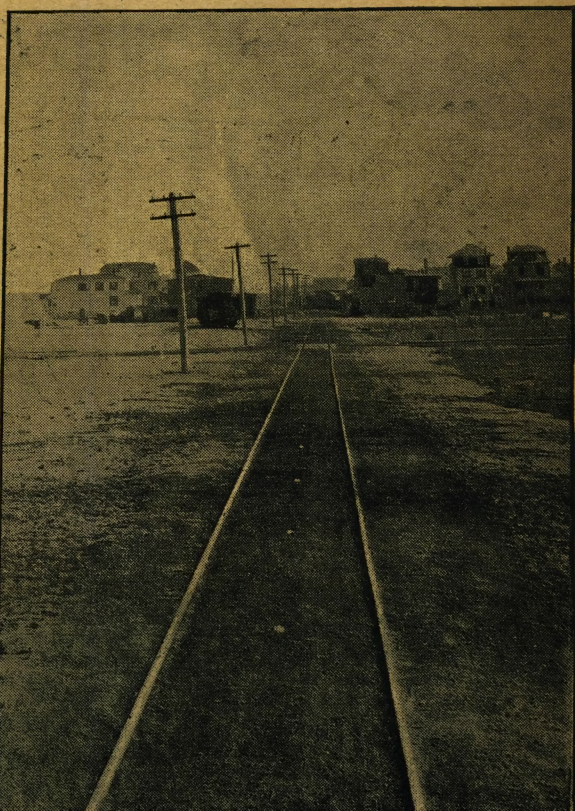
Take the place
as manager.
London-Hotels.
(Sons.)

"PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT" PHOTOGRAPHY.



You don't have to worry about a photographer nowadays. By the latest American invention all you have to do is drop your "nickel" in the slot, press the button, and look pleasant. The machine does the rest.

NO OVERHEAD WIRES HERE.



View on the West Jersey and Seashore Electric Railway, on which the cars are run by the new Pullen Wireless System. Notice the line of contact caps between the lines, by touching which the train is driven forward. These caps are alive only when the car is passing over them.

BLOCKS THE PAVEMENT AND DRIVES FOOT PASSENGERS INTO THE ROADWAY.



Another view of the queue outside the Adelphi Theatre. The attractions of "The Earl and the Girl" monopolise the whole pavement.—(Special "Mirror" photograph.)

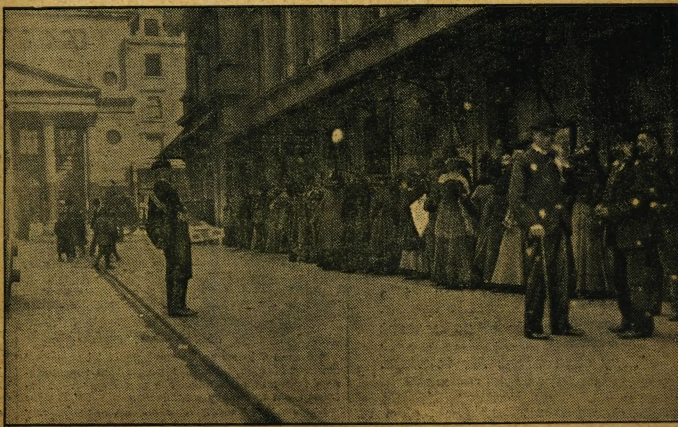


The "Cherry Girl" is also an offender at the Vaudeville Theatre, in the Strand. This crowd was waiting yesterday afternoon.—(Special "Mirror" photograph.)

THE MANAGERS PROVIDE SHELTER FOR THEIR WAITING CROWDS.



At the Comedy Theatre the queue which waited yesterday to see Miss Julia Neilson as "Sunday" did so in a side street.—(Special "Mirror" photograph.)



Mr. Troc, at His Majesty's Theatre, provides shelter for his waiting patrons, who are in a side street, out of the way of the traffic.—(Special "Mirror" photograph.)

ARRIVAL OF THE DIRECTOIRE COSTUME.—OUR CONFESSION BOX.



Drawn specially for the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" by Miss HOARE.

Several most picturesque sartorial ideas are now being culled from the Directoire period to decorate the toilettes of to-day. Some of them, the full length picture on this page portrays: to wit, the double-breasted waistcoat, cut low enough to show a stock and jabot of net and lace beneath, the sharply-pointed lapels, and the tall turned-over collar. Then, again, the cutaway tail coat is a Directoire inspiration, and so are the sketched cockade buttons, which are made of taffetas, pleated round a flat, round centrepiece.

If the gown were carried out in mustard-brown supple cloth, with a pale blue-and-white striped waistcoat and lapels, it would look charming.

Observe the Empire wreaths of tiny roses on the chip hat worn by the other figure; they are purchasable now at all the smart flower counters of the shops, and should be remembered by the home milliner. A hat with a distinctly visible crown belted with velvet, buckled in front, and furthermore trimmed with a stately ostrich plume, suits the Directoire style completely.

WHAT MEN WANT IN A WIFE.

A GOOD COMPANION IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

What do men want? Well, to hear the list of possible and impossible perfections and boundless virtues which men sometimes lightly run over whilst sketching in their idea of what a wife should be, one is tempted to think the subject rather too exhaustive to be contained in a single column of the *Mirror*.

Sometimes a young man is good enough to describe to me just a few of the qualities that are quite indispensable to the woman he thinks worthy of occupying the distinguished position of his wife.

A Catalogue of Chances.

"She must be young, and rich, and beautiful," he says, "well-born, well-bred, and well-educated. She must sing and play, and cook and make her own frocks, but always be perfectly dressed. She must be witty and sweet-tempered, patient and merry, industrious and talented, economical and able to entertain."

And, after listening with due gravity to this modest enumeration of qualities, it is only a sense of politeness that prevents my retorting, "Yes; and, pray, what do you propose to offer her in return?"

Well, then, what does a man really want to make him a happy husband? I will tell you, as well as I can, what a pretty wide experience of life has taught me.

First, he wants a companion and a friend. I don't mean by that to imply that an intellectual equal is necessary to all men's happiness, because I know it is not. He does not mind explaining things to his wife now and then. In fact, the mind of man is so constituted that it rather likes it. But he wants her to take an intelligent interest in their explanation; he wants her sympathy, and he wants real companionship in his leisure.

More than all, what a man wants in a wife is home-making, and the qualities that produce that

result. A woman does not make her home properly when she becomes only a domestic drudge in it. A servant would do the work of the home quite as well, or better, but no one can take her duties as mistress but herself.

Of course, if the man is poor, and cannot give his wife much help in her household duties, she has to do far more than where she is merely head, not hands, in the establishment. But what I want to impress on the minds of wives that are to be is this: that the work of the house ought not so to swamp them that the home-maker becomes only the cook and the housemaid, and forgets all the little graces and refinements of living that make the home so delightful a place.

Scatter-brained Wives Not Admired.

Men want common-sense in their wives. Pretty, silly, irrational ways may be enchanting in a sweetheart, but I have never met a man who thought them delightful in his wife. A wife must be a helpmate for her husband to trust in; he does not want a mere doll to play with, which will fail him in his hour of need.

What, on the other hand, does a woman ask for in the man she marries? Ah, that is another question—a question that calls for many answers.

THE CONFESSION BOX.

ADVICE FOR READERS UPON LOVE AND OTHER MATTERS.

[Replies to queries sent to this department cannot be sent, under any circumstances, by post, nor is any answer guaranteed; but when possible the query and its answer will be printed on this page. Letters should be addressed Editress, 3, Carmelite-street, E.C.]

Which Shall I Choose?

"I am in a dilemma," writes Amy (Wigan). "I have two lovers; one is very poor, and the other is rich, but is addicted to intemperance. I have a preference for the second, and he tells me he knows I could cure him if I would only marry him. But I am afraid of trying. My only chance of putting an end to his persistence would be to marry my other lover, whom I like very much; but I fear poverty. What shall I do?"

I would advise you to accept neither the one lover nor the other, for I am sure you cannot cure nearly enough for the one whose failing is intemperance to exercise the patience you would require to "cure" him, and, besides, I have no faith in such a cure, save in very isolated cases where the wife's devotion is absolutely boundless. As for marrying the other lover to get rid of the first, the idea is madness, and it would be most cruel and unfair to the poor fellow to take him for such a reason.

The Language of Flowers.

"A man I know sends me beautiful bouquets," writes "Maggie," "and I notice that forget-me-nots figure in each one. Do you suppose he intends them to convey a tender meaning?"

Yes, indeed, "Maggie," I do. I don't think any man would trouble to have forget-me-nots inserted in each of his floral offerings without meaning a great deal. Moreover, as he lives in Exeter and

you in Aberdeen, there is every likelihood of his being desirous that the flowers should bear an appeal for very special remembrance.

Who Is To Win?

"My friend and I have discovered we both love the same man," writes "Worried Mary" (Leytonstone). "I am sure I have reason to think he cares for me, but my friend persists in saying he cares for her. As she knew him first, do you think I ought to give him up to her, although I care for him truly?"

Surely you should await his pleasure. He may not care for either of you now or in the future, or he may be making his own choice carefully between you. You owe your friend no such sacrifice as giving him up to her when he is not yours to give.

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century. Very convenient for tourists.

PREPARED BY THE EMINENT
AMERICAN DENTIST

J. W. Lyon D.D.S.

NO MORE GREY HAIR.

VALENTINE'S EXTRACT

(WALNUT EXTRACT)

Changes Grey Hair or Whiskers to

Light Brown, Dark Brown or Black.

One liquid; a perfect, cleanly, and harmless

stain. Acts at once—no smother stickiness—

leaves the hair soft and with a natural

gloss. Will not soil the pillow. War-

ranted free from lead, sulphur, etc.

It is washable, nourishing, and

lasting.

3-4 per bottle, 1-2 per box. 2-3-4

by post 3d. extra.

G. L. VALENTINE, 39, Spout Hill, London E.C.

IN THE LORD MAYOR'S KITCHEN.

Great Bustle of Preparation for Last Night's Ancient Easter Banquet.

Last night the Lord Mayor presided at the Mansion House at the Easter Banquet. It is an historic occasion, as for very many years the chief magistrate of the City has, in the week after Easter, attended Christ Church, Newgate-street, in state, to hear the Spital sermon. Yesterday the preacher was the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

In the evening the hospitality of the Mansion House is extended to the Court of Aldermen, the Common Councillors, and the Governors of the Royal Hospitals. Covers were laid last night for 300.

It was a fitting occasion to see the famous civic kitchens preparing the feasts, which have become celebrated all over the world.

In the morning (writes our representative) I entered the well-known building by the private door in Walbrook, and was ushered through various sumptuously decorated saloons to Sir William Soulsby's private office. After a few minutes' chat with that gentleman I was introduced to the chef, who subsequently received instructions to give me all the information I required.

For the great Easter banquet in the Egyptian Hall, the palatial banquetting chamber of the Mansion House, the kitchen staff was largely augmented by about twenty expert cooks and thirty carvers, not to speak of twelve wine men and a small army of ninety waiters, about one to every four guests.

Gallons of Turtle.

The chief kitchen presented an animated spectacle, for through the clouds of savoury steam the porters could be seen rushing hither and thither to supply the needs of the *entrée* cooks; and, indeed, every member of the staff appeared to be working as though his life depended upon his efforts.

Yet there was no confusion. Every man knew his work, from the chef who superintended everything with astonishing calmness to the soup cooks who were preparing 180 pints of real turtle.

The heat became almost intolerable as we approached the principal range—an enormous open furnace nearly twenty feet long, which burns a ton and a half of coal per day.

A baron of beef weighing 180lb., twelve 26lb. joints, and sixty-four birds were roasting before the large range, which, with its smaller neighbour (burning half a ton of coal a day), roasts 600lb. of meat at one time.

The hot air caused great circular fans above the ranges to revolve swiftly and turn certain pulleys above and below; these latter causing the eight rows of loaded spits to move slowly round.

On every side of the lofty kitchen the latest culinary apparatus was fixed. Fish kettles, each steaming 100lb. of salmon, were side by side with huge copper pots, in which were 330lb. of ham and

torque being cooked. The potato steamers were divided into four divisions, the capacity of each being 120lb. Sixty cauliflowers could easily be cooked in each of the great vegetable pots.

In massive iron cupboards heated by steam 4,000 plates required for the banquet were being warmed. The full stock of plates at the Mansion House, however, is 8,300. In the scullery 2,450 knives and forks and 2,800 glasses were also being got ready. As much remained to be seen, I was presently taken in hand by the Lord Mayor's chief butler and house-steward (Mr. E. Winny).

From him I gathered a few interesting details. It appears that soon after the election of a new Lord Mayor the entire domestic staff of the Mansion House are called up to the Venetian Parlour in turn and asked if they are willing to serve during the ensuing year—a mere formality, of course; but it occasionally happens that his lordship is desirous of introducing one of his own footmen, so the man supplanted is provided with some permanent post in one of the City institutions.

Lord Mayor's Cellarage.

Every Lord Mayor lays down his own wine and gets some notion of the quantity required from his predecessor in office. In the Mansion House vaults are numerous cellars, with the initials of past Lord Mayors on the doors.

Here, for instance, we see "D. E." (Sir David Evans), "S. K." (Sir Stuart Knill), and others. In the last vault were 200 dozen of fine champagne of almost fabulous value.

Near the enormously heavy door of the plate closet is what appears to be a wardrobe, but when opened it reveals a folded bed. On this the plate butler sleeps every night, a bell over his head, and firemen, watchmen, and policemen within easy call. The plate room itself is quite an elegantly fitted shop, the contents of which would make the mouth of an expert burglar water, for silver is there by the hundredweight.

Civic Silver.

On the left-hand side are all the silver gilt cups, of which there are over sixty, and every Lord Mayor adds one. Ponderous ewers, vases, rose-water dishes, and candelabra abound in dazzling profusion, in close proximity to the famous Queen Anne service of silver gilt; and the Lord Mayor's collar and pendant. The latter, sparkling with diamonds, is kept in a small cash-box on one of the shelves.

At the end of the strong room are the swords of state and the mace; while on the right are the massive silver services commonly in use. Among the hundreds of articles within the glass-cases may be mentioned sixty soup plates and 144 dinner plates, each of which it would cost £15 to replace. Two turbot dishes, weighing 350 ounces, share the place of honour with one of the largest pieces of plate in the world—a tea-tray as big as a table, and weighing 502 ounces.

BOARD SCHOOL UPPER TEN.



Going to the boat-race, Sallic? Oh, dear, no, our men 'ave got a Board school race on down 'ere; it's private and very select.

WHAT ACADEMY PICTURES COST.

Art Is an Expensive Profession and Its Rewards Are Not Munificent.

ing. So if I painted every day—yes!—I might safely say that I spend £400 a year before getting in a penny. As a mere matter of detail, I do spend £250—£300 is certainly parted with before I get £120, as things are now.

PREMIER PLAYS GOLF ON SUNDAYS.



The Archbishop of Canterbury has written to a correspondent, who called his attention to the fact that Mr. Balfour played golf on Sundays, that it is a matter for the Premier's own conscience.

PREMIER'S SUNDAY GOLF.

Archbishop Davidson's Attitude Criticised.

Mr. Balfour plays golf on a Sunday, and the Archbishop of Canterbury having been informed of the fact wrote the following letter:—

"Detailed rules to be adopted by any conscientious Christian man with regard to the observance

of Sunday are a matter for his own conscience, as it is certain that the Christian Church has never laid down detailed directions affecting the action of individuals in this matter.

This letter has not surprised Dr. Clifford, who declared to a *Mirror* representative yesterday: "The Archbishop of Canterbury is an Arch-trimmer, who trims his sails to suit Mr. Balfour's winds. He will support the Government and the Government will support his Church. His letter will do lots of harm among those who do not know the Archbishop."

The pictures for this year's Academy are all sent in, and in a few weeks the public will be inspecting them at Burlington House.

What do pictures cost to paint? Of course the expense of art education must be taken in as part of the capital expended.

As a rule, a lad goes in seriously for art at about, say, eighteen years of age. As he is not at all likely to earn a farthing for three or four years, he is kept by his family. He lives at home, say, and pays a guinea per month for the attendance at a local art centre. This lasts for six months or a year, when he sends up his specimen drawings for an Academy studentship. He is successful. At the end of three months he is in the painting class. At the end of the year he joins the "life" class. There are no fees payable at the Academy, and there are scholarships to be gained, running as high as £200. Scholarships do not, however, grow on trees. The young artist has to live all the time.

Cost £30 to Paint.

The young artist in most cases comes first into the market with a small landscape painted during his summer holidays. Say it is really good work and he has done a good deal of painting out. The picture takes a week to do. He has expended, or has had expended for him, 25s. a week for living. If a small rustic amateur model has been used, 2s. 6d., 3s., or 4s. has been given by way of a tip. A good frame to set the picture saleably off, 90s. And, if excellently done, £4 only would be a fairly honest dealer's offer for the same. In a large percentage of cases it finds its way to the pawnbroker's.

"It cost me £30 in colours, frame, and model to paint the picture I got the gold medal for," said a well-known artist to a *Mirror* representative, "and there were only three figures."

Another well-known artist, who lives entirely on black and white drawing for the Press, said (though a most poetic painter), "I only sold one £250 picture in my life. On this I spent £10 in paint alone and above £1 5s. for canvas. Models cost me 7s. and 7s. 6d. per day. They are often independent enough."

10s. a Day in Paint.

Then he took up a capsule of rose madder. "These are down in the bill for 5s., and I often use one in a day. Cobalt, too, is most expensive. Yes, it is quite possible for me to spend 10s. a day in paint alone. This, with the model, making 17s. 6d.; and say 10s. per cent. on this for costume and etceteras. Mere furniture pictures I own are not so popular as they used to be, so that cabinets and such like are not wanted. You must have them, though, in your studio, as customers always like to see things of that sort about, just as they will have a doctor who keeps a carriage. I pay £70 a year rent and £15 a year taxes (it is by no means a wonderfully fine studio), and I suppose I've got £400 worth of furniture in it and the room adjoining."

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DISPATCH

OUR NEW SERIAL

BEGINS TO-DAY.

STAGE-STRUCK.

The Story of a Country Girl lured to London by the Footlights' Glamour.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

CHAPTER I.

Before the Curtain.

Outside the Town Hall, Hethersett, the bills announced that Mr. Herbert Davenport's London company would give a representation of "Romeo and Juliet" for one night only, part of the proceeds to be devoted to the local Cottage Hospital, and that Miss Janet Desborough, the distinguished amateur, had kindly consented to appear in the part of Juliet.

Hethersett was a little country town that prided itself on its "selectness," and usually it turned a cold shoulder to the occasional travelling companies that were misguidedly enough to try their luck for a night or two at the Town Hall; but for once in a way there was to be a full house. Every reserved seat for to-night's performance had been taken, and the unreserved part was filled within five minutes of the opening of the doors.

Mr. Herbert Davenport, actor-manager, smiled as he looked through the curtain and wondered how small a proportion of the takings need go to the Cottage Hospital.

The attraction was undoubtedly one of curiosity. However deserving might be the charity to which part of the proceeds were to go, it is doubtful if the natives of that dull little Yorkshire town, including a fair sprinkling of what the reporter afterwards termed "the surrounding gentry," would have crowded to see a decidedly fifth-rate dramatic company solely from the desire to benefit the hospital.

The line on the bills about Miss Desborough was the magnet. Everyone was curious to see how this girl would acquit herself in so ambitious a play—for Miss Desborough was one of themselves.

She had taken part recently in some amateur theatricals got up by Mrs. Smith-Benson, of the Court. It had created a good deal of interest and surprise when it became known that she had promised to appear in a play with professional actors—and those the members of an obscure touring company. Some worthy people had indeed been a trifle scandalised—it was so different from acting with amateurs of one's own class, they said; only Miss Desborough had a reputation for doing unconventional things—but they went to the performance, nevertheless.

The overture ended, and the curtain went up on a scene certainly more suggestive of modern England than medieval Italy.

One man, who had taken his seat in the second row of the reserved chairs a few minutes before the rise of the curtain, sat with something like a frown on his face, a frown that deepened as the play began.

It was nothing in itself to John Gray that the members of this self-styled "London Company" played with an almost incredible degree of badness, or that the setting and the costumes were ludicrously "out of the period"; under ordinary circumstances that fact might even have amused him, as it plainly was amusing others of the audience—only the circumstances were not ordinary; and he was too much irritated just then to see the amusing side.

"I hate to think of that little girl appearing with such a motley crowd," John Gray told himself savagely, thinking of the girl who was cast for Juliet, "and just because she's got it into that foolish head of hers that she wants to go on the stage, I expect she was nearly wild with delight when Davenport asked her to play."

This tall, clean-shaven man, with the strong, rather attractive face, was a barrister who had come down to Jim Smith-Benson's place at Hethersett for the grouse shooting. The amateur theatricals which his hostess had got up had brought him into contact a good deal during the last few weeks with Janet Desborough; she had played Lady Teazle in the amateur play.

She had interested John Gray from the first—this girl of twenty with the great gray, expressive eyes. He liked to watch her eyes when he talked to Janet Desborough—those eyes that mirrored every passing shade of emotion. Hers was the face that most men would have looked at twice, with its delicate colourings, its sensitive mouth, and the low, broad forehead that spoke of character, shadowed with dark hair. A girl with a highly-strung temperament, that was quick to respond to the underlying laughter or tears of passing things—a temperament of enthusiasms; her eyes alone would have told Gray that. At the rehearsals for the amateur play, whilst the others had been content to stroll languidly through their parts, this girl had been eager, vivid, intense; had put a depth of feeling, of artistic understanding into her part, that was as fire struck from a flint contrasted against the dead-level of incompetence that surrounded her.

The frown suddenly left John Gray's face as the girl in his thoughts made her first entrance as

Juliet—a slender, girlish figure in her clinging robes brooded with gold, who seemed strangely out of place against the tawdry surroundings of the scene.

He watched her face as she came on. He saw that she was terribly nervous at first; but in a moment she pulled herself together and fought down the nervousness. The opening words were spoken, and then she had forgotten the audience and remembered only the play.

"Well done, little girl!" Gray whispered to himself, suddenly conscious that he, too, had been feeling oddly nervous on her account; but all his doubts were gone now.

From the moment of her entrance a subtle change seemed to pass like an electric wave over the audience. For the first time to-night its interest was really gripped. It was no longer listening indifferently; it was listening because it must. Gray knew the signs. A little rustling stir ran through the houses; then a curious breathless hush seemed to fall; indifferent faces suddenly became interested and eager; men leaned forward in their seats; every eye was bent on the stage, where one of the actors, at any rate—this girl with the low, broad forehead, perfectly audible voice—was playing as though she had really caught up into her rendering some of the poetry of the play.

Faults she might have in plenty. She was absolutely ignorant of technique—the knowledge of "stage business" that only comes from experience. But there was a convincing naturalness, a verve in her playing, the promise of undeveloped power, that won the audience from the first—moved them to an enthusiasm which Gray shared. Romeo was stately, uninspired, wooden; there was no glamour of illusion in the tawdry setting; but the girl with the great eyes was suddenly become for him the actual Juliet.

The play came to an end. The tribute of spontaneous applause paid to Juliet's first scene was at her bidding throughout, and became an ovation when she appeared before the curtain to take her cue.

As the applause died away, the audience slowly dispersed to discuss Miss Desborough in the ambitious part of Juliet. An impulse prompted Gray to go behind to offer his congratulations. Miss Desborough had already retired to her dressing-room, so he waited.

He caught a glimpse of Davenport—the Romeo of the evening, but Gray purposely avoided him. In indifference had somehow, he was conscious, changed into dislike of the man. Miss Desborough's introduction to Davenport had come about through him; the circumstances recurred in his mind with an added irritation, which he realised was illogical enough, as he waited on the darkened stage. Davenport's tour had ended in York the week before, and the actor had walked over to see the amateur theatricals at Hethersett. As he stood talking to Gray after the performance, Miss Desborough passed.

"Good night, Lady Teazle," Gray had said, going forward to shake hands. "Gray, you must present me," the actor had interrupted, with an easy air of assurance. "Fellow artists should know each other."

Gray had looked at the speaker, with momentary hesitancy in his manner; then he said, rather coldly, "If Miss Desborough will allow me."

The girl had paused with a slight, assenting inclination of her head.

"Miss Desborough—Mr. Herbert Davenport." "I am glad to have the opportunity of thanking you for your part in your Lady Teazle," the actor had murmured, bending over her hand with rather an exaggerated gesture. "You know, Miss Desborough, I found it difficult to believe my friend Mr. Gray when he told me you were practically a debutante. A wonderful performance—wonderful!"

This man was the mere obscure provincial actor, but his flattery weighed more in this stage-struck girl's mind than everything else; Gray had realised that as he watched her face. The man was an actor, and the limelight of his calling was on him, and it dazzled her. Gray felt sorry that these two had become acquainted—and through him. He knew little about Davenport, but he had a suspicion that this actor might be the man to follow up the acquaintance—help further to fill this inexperienced girl's head with dreams of a stage career. Events had proved how well-founded his suspicions had been.

As he waited to-night Gray wondered cynically if the hospital would benefit much. "Part of the proceeds" was an elastic term. He had suspected that Davenport was in low water—that his tour had come to grief. No doubt the man had asked for an introduction, seeing a chance of raising the wind. This amateur actress he would see was evidently a favourite in the little country town; if she could be induced to play for him in some performance there would be every prospect of a good house. The mention of the charity would look well on the bill, and draw business without having much actual significance. Gray felt he could read the man's train of thought like an open book. And as it happened, his conjecture was an exact estimate of the facts.

What these thoughts were in his mind, Miss Desborough emerged from her dressing-room, followed by her mother's maid.

"I felt I must come to add my congratulations," Gray said, as she came forward. "You were good as Lady Teazle, but you excelled yourself to-night."

She thanked him with smiling eyes.

"It is such a beautiful part," she said. "Do you know, in some of the scenes I felt I wanted to cry; Juliet's sorrows seem so real whilst one is playing—"

"You made them seem real to your audience," he said, then with a smile: "And do you like success?"

"I shan't sleep to-night for thinking of this evening," the girl answered, with a little excited catch in her voice. "Not because of the applause only, I really don't think that; but it is so wonderful that I really did succeed a little, it encourages me so—"

"You mean?"

"To feel, I mean, that perhaps if—if ever I did go on the stage, I might some day succeed—"

"You are still eager, of course—more now than ever—to make the stage your profession?" he said.

He felt sorry, somehow; this girl only saw the glitter and glamour; he knew something of the other side of the picture.

"It seems to me the most beautiful life a woman could live," and the smouldering passion in her eyes burnt in her eyes. "Oh, I think the craving has got into my blood! And to-night—to-night, I feel somehow—often I've been doubtful of myself before—I felt as if I might succeed. I should have to work hard, I know that; there would be drudgery, failures, a long struggle, but I shouldn't care if I thought I could some day succeed. But you think I'm gushing—"

She broke off abruptly, "and I should hate you to think that of me."

"No, I don't think you are gushing," he said. "I know how you feel. Only—I know I have no right to say it, Miss Desborough, but will you forgive me if I say—I am sorry."

"But why?" she demanded. "Oh, you don't know how I want to feel that—well, that I am in life, not on the outskirts!"

"And you think this—"

He made a little impatient gesture with his hand towards the dingy stage, the bare whitewashed walls—"that this is life?" he asked, half surprised at his own earnestness.

"It is the setting of the life that appeals to me above everything else I have ever known," she said, softly, meeting his eyes.

"Ah, but acting as you have done, just the occasional playing of a part for the love of it, is so different from making it a profession. If I could but convince you how soon the glamour fades! There are so many disappointments, so many failures, so few successes."

"But are there not failures in all professions?" "Ah, but acting as you have done, just the occasional playing of a part for the love of it, is so different from making it a profession. If I could but convince you how soon the glamour fades! There are so many disappointments, so many failures, so few successes."

"I never doubted your pluck," he said, as he looked at her in the light of a flickering gas jet, and saw the passion in her tremulous mouth. He asked himself suddenly why he should be so eager to dissuade this girl from the goal she was setting as her heart's desire. Why should he care whether she went on the stage or not? He had only known her a few short weeks; perhaps when he left Yorkshire next week he might never see her again. They were only chance acquaintances. Why should he care what she made of her future?

And yet somehow he did care, could not help caring. Only perhaps not until to-night—to-night, when he had watched her lending a sweet girlish charm to the greatest of the love stories of romance, a living incarnation of Juliet, who waited for her lover in the moonlit garden at Verona—had he known why he was in danger of caring so much.

They were walking slowly through the hall towards the door.

"May I wait home with you—unless you are driving?" he said suddenly.

Almost as he spoke he heard hurried footsteps behind them, and a voice exclaim:—

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting an unreasonable time, Miss Desborough—so much to attend to, you know! Ah, Gray, been in to see the show? Happy choice of mine, 'Romeo and Juliet,' eh? I knew what Miss Desborough would make of the part!"

And Davenport joined them—a tall man in grey, whose well-cut, rather good-looking face would have been still better-looking but for the slightly senescent mouth.

"Thank you, Mr. Gray; it is so good of you to suggest it," said the girl, "but Mr. Davenport very kindly—"

"Oh, yes, I see," said Gray brusquely.

He was feeling as though he could have struck Davenport's smiling face, for the momentary air that his smile seemed to suggest. "To Gray every thing about the man rang false; why couldn't this girl see it? Only of course the limelight of his calling was on him."

They passed through the hall door. Gray shook hands with the girl.

"Good-night, Miss Desborough."

He nodded curtly to the actor, and they parted.

"Damn Davenport!" he said savagely to himself, as he walked away.

time him over those intervening weeks, and in some way or other he would have to get some of his "pennies" out of pawn before joining.

He ran mentally through the list of acquaintances and the chances of borrowing as he turned down Wellington-street past the wig shops and costumiers. What about Snell? Snell had lent him a few pounds at various times—which he had never paid back. Perhaps Snell—but no, he remembered he had seen Snell's advertisement in the "Era"; he was "resting." No use hoping for anything in that quarter.

Yet he did not feel as dispirited as might have been expected. Davenport had immense confidence in his own "luck." Something would turn up again—things always had done so for him. For instance, when he was down on his luck in Yorkshire a few weeks ago, utterly stranded, that chance introduction to Miss Desborough had suggested the brilliant idea of a "charity performance"—whose receipts could be judiciously "milked." "Romeo and Juliet" had put 47 into his pocket—most of which, by the way, he had gambled away at cards.

A clever girl, that Miss Desborough. She only wanted training to make a hit on the stage—she had it in her. A nice little girl, too; he had made a conquest there, he told himself complacently—Davenport was not keen enough judge of character to understand that it was the actor, and not the man, who interested Janet Desborough.

When he was saying good-bye he had asked her to write and let him know if ever she were in town—he would be so glad, he told her with much impressment, to show her around, take her to the theatres, introduce her to influential people who would keep her if she decided to adopt the stage as a career. The man could not utter half-a-dozen sentences without bragging.

She had promised that she would write when she was in London; clearly he had made a deep impression. The thought tickled his enormous vanity now, as he looked back, though he felt it was unlikely he would ever see her again. If she were to come to town he would probably be touring in the country—that would be a disappointment for her, poor little girl.

He walked past the Lyceum and turned into the Strand. The life and crowd cheered his spirits, and he gave a tilt to his hat as he set his face westward.

As usual the theatrical interest was abundantly represented. Members of the profession stood in little groups at the entrances to narrow passages leading to stage doors or minor theatrical agencies, or strolled with hats tilted on the back of their heads, talking in loud voices. Actors of the new type, spruce and well dressed; actors of the old school, some with wonderful scaldskin waistcoats and collars not over-clean—sometimes showing a smudge of grease-paint; men who talked in rounded periods and with extravagant gesture, as though they were still facing the footlights. Actresses, too, of every type, from leading ladies to chorus girls, whose faces were not always innocent of cheap violet powder.

The marble halls were crowded; everyone seemed to be more or less connected with the stage, from the Jew theatre-boy who was standing champagne to the brother of the tragedienne in whom he was interested, to the flashily-dressed man about to start a syndicate, who touted with some such formula as: "Now's your chance, my dear fellow, if there's any lady you are interested in and desire to advance a small share in this syndicate I am forming—"

Outside the theatres were large framed photographs of the leading performers; portraits of "refined serio-comics" smirked from the portals of a music-hall, the sandwichmen by the kerb were advertising "the sustaining of the season." The intelligent foreigner suddenly dropped down in the heart of the Strand would have decided that, whatever minor interests might be represented there, the only one of any importance was the theatrical.

To the doors of a near-by wine-shop flowed a steady current of professional—chiefly men, though there was a slight sprinkling of ladies who adorned the lesser walks of the drama. They lounged round the bar, they leaned against the barrels, they sat in corners, all talking animatedly and at once. The whole place seemed to reek of alcohol and grease paint.

Davenport looked round as he walked up to the bar. He recognised several acquaintances. On the other side of the circular bar was old Monty Young, a little shrivelled-up man of seventy, in a coat with astrakhan cuffs and collar, and a dyed moustache that showed white at the roots; he was surrounded by a small knot of his usual satellites, who drank freely at his expense. Anyone who cared to listen to the scourgings of Monty's wicked old memory and laugh in the right place was sure of a drink. Monty had made a fortune out of provincial touring, and which, during intervals of his flow of scurrilous stories (in which he was always cast for the rôle of Don Juan), he would be tediously reminiscent.

It was clearly hopeless to think of broaching the subject to Monty; but Davenport spied an acquaintance with silk hat tilted on the back of his head consuming sherry and bitters in solitude. "There's Wilmer. By Jove! he might be good for five bob!" He walked across to the man in his voluminous overcoat, with the buttons like small saucers.

"Awfully sorry, old man, but it's no bally subtly use asking me," said Wilmer cheerfully, before Davenport had uttered a word.

"What do you mean?"

"Was saving you the trouble of asking me to lend you half-a-crown; can't be done."

"You're a damned fine thought reader, aren't you? You're just about the last man I'd ask. You make such a fuss about doing a little favour."

Davenport stayed for about three-quarters of an hour in the place, but none of his various acquaintances appeared to be in a lending mood that morning. He went out into the sunshine again; it stuck him he would drop in at the Actors' Association and see if by any chance there were any letters waiting for him. He took his last cigarette from the little cardboard box of the tobacco firm that

gave ten cigarettes and the portrait of a lady in tights for twopence-hilpenny, and stroked to King-street, the Actors' Association offices.

It was curious how completely the indifferent look on his face had vanished when he emerged from the building. He had found a letter waiting for him. The letter was signed Janet Desborough. Davenport opened the envelope and read on the steps.

CHAPTER III. The First Act Begins.

"That's a great idea! Why shouldn't I?"

For a thought had come to Davenport, as he stood there, with the girl's letter in his hands—a thought that set his imagination a-fire. Was his luck uppermost again?

He was convinced that this girl had talents which, if trained, would make their mark on the stage. Why should he not take this girl's future in hand and shape it to his own ends? Why not?

What were his plans? It was characteristic of the man that the more immediate details were vague; he only saw the end to be achieved; he saw her the successful actress, secure of London engagements, making a large salary—as her manager he would have a large salary, too.

Her manager? "No," he added, suddenly, as a new thought came to him, "her husband! By gad, that's more like it! Why, I can see her earning twenty to thirty quid a week!" Then he came back from the future to find himself facing the stone wall of present difficulties. It was maddening to think of his schemes being spoilt for want of means. He could not advance them without money.

"I must raise the oof somehow," he told himself. "How can I get it?" Then, as an inspiration flashed upon him, "Why not try Benjy Cockburn?"

His face cleared. He walked briskly back to Bedford-street.

Benjy Cockburn—it had been Cohen when the name figured over the paternal premises in Houndsditch—was a theatrical agent, whom Davenport had known before he went into his present line of business. He did not for a moment expect that Cockburn would lend him even five shillings for old acquaintance sake—Benjy's weaknesses did not take that form; but he had a keen eye to business, and Davenport meant to attack that side of the man.

He went up the steps leading to Mr. Cockburn's offices. Evidently a good many people wanted to see Mr. Cockburn that afternoon, for his clients had overflowed from the waiting-room on to the stairs. Davenport took out a card, scribbled two lines on the back of it, and handed it to the boy-clerk, who was typewriting in the ante-room, to be taken in to the agent. Davenport looked round the room. He recognised one or two acquaintances, nodded to them, and, picking up a theatrical paper off the table, pretended to read it. Really his mind was busy with what he should say to Cockburn.

"Thought you'd settled three days ago, Herbert," observed one man, crossing over to him, who had been haunting Cockburn's daily for two weeks in search of an engagement; he was spending a shilling every week, which he could badly afford, to advertise in a theatrical paper that he was "resting." He found resting a very tiring occupation.

"Oh, yes," replied Davenport, with a large air; "it's a matter of private business I want to see Cockburn on. He's an old pal of mine, you know. Yes, Morton's snapped me up for Brixas in 'Fetters of Passion.' I took it more to oblige Morton than anything, for really the Percivals wanted me for Australia, and wouldn't have hagglled about the terms, only Morton was so keen I should play Brixas. Don't mind telling you Cockburn told me himself that Morton said my playing the part would make all the difference between failure and success; and I didn't like to disappoint the old chap after a good turn he once did me," said Davenport airily, drawing unblushingly on his imagination.

"Good money?" asked the other, about to look at his watch, and remembering in time that he had been pawned.

"So-so. Six quid a week. Cockburn professed that even for me Morton wouldn't give more than five, but I fancy if I'd stood out for seven I should have got it," said Davenport modestly.

"That's good, old man," murmured the other, who by the simple process of judging the man's assertion by what he would have said himself under similar circumstances, arrived at a fairly accurate estimate of the salary—which was two pounds ten. "You haven't said a thing as half-a-crown on you, you know, the old fellow. Got to send a postal order off."

"Afraid not, old chap. If only you'd asked me half an hour ago! You see I met a poor devil I toured with once, down on his uppers—I give you my word simply on his uppers. Gave him all the silver I had, it was before I came in now. Poor devil, I couldn't help it—didn't leave myself a cab fare! But for that, dear old boy, you should have had it and welcome; you know that!"

Conversation flagged, and in a short time the actor drifted from Davenport across the room. In the room almost all types of the country actor were represented—members of touring companies were the backbone of Mr. Cockburn's clientele. Leading men who visited the big provincial towns in "Number One" companies of London successes down to the failures of the profession who played "old men and boys" in the future—the whole gamut was reached among those who waited

now in the hope that they might be among the lucky few to secure an interview with Mr. Cockburn.

A hum of voices filled the room, punctuated by frequent laughter. But the gaiety seemed to lack spontaneity—a sort of general air of depression prevailed. Many had been waiting for hours, as they had waited for hours, for days, before. Every time the door of the private offices opened for someone to be called in there was a flutter of nervous expectation, followed by a general disappointment on the part of all except the lucky one summoned into the holy of holies.

Across the room Davenport caught a glimpse of Snell's face, which was it owed Snell, 43 or 44, could not remember; he purposely did not look in Snell's direction. Whilst he was mentally deciding what tailor he would go to for new clothes, if he could induce Cockburn to fall in with his views, the door of the private office opened, and a clerk announced that the agent would see Mr. Davenport.

He jumped up and went briskly into the inner room. Mr. Cockburn was a rather stout, well-groomed man, whose crisp black hair and pronounced features were markedly Jewish. He was so extremely well-dressed as to suggest the impression of being over-dressed, with a gold watch-chain that was perhaps a shade too massive for an exacting taste, and hands with at least two superfluous diamond rings.

As Davenport entered, he looked up from the actor's card with the pencilled note on the back and nodded, without troubling to extend a hand. At one time, before Mr. Cockburn had kept into professional life, the two men had been fairly intimate, but Davenport knew that their old intimacy would of itself have no weight with the agent. Benjy Cockburn kept friendship and business in separate pigeon holes.

"Well, what is it?" was his greeting. "I can't give you more than a few minutes. I want to get off early to-day. You'll find a chair."

Davenport found a chair. He drew up by the side of the great man's.

"I suppose you wouldn't mind having a lot of new first-class business put into your hands, Mr. Cockburn?" he said.

"No, anything for a change," said the other, languidly, opening a penknife and paring his nails as he spoke, obviously not deliciously excited as yet.

"Well, I've got a sweet thing on," said Davenport, feeling for an opening, "and you may as well state it to anyone else."

"It's very kind of you, I'm sure," said Cockburn, contemplating the diamonds on his white, fat hands with interest. "You need not hesitate to break the good news to me at once, my dear boy. I can bear it, I seldom kills. And"—looking at his watch—"I haven't time to spare."

"I've come to you partly because I feel, because we would both be—"

"You always were the slave of sentiment, Davenport," Cockburn murmured, moving his hand that the facets of his diamonds might catch the lighter better.

"And partly because—well, Cockburn, to make my scheme workable, it'll mean a lot of money to you, mind; I must have, say, £15—"

Mr. Cockburn shut the penknife up with a snap. A look of pain crossed his face.

"My dear fellow, why in thunder do you come to waste my time when I'm up to the armpits in work?" he cried reproachfully.

"Green," he said, "who was sitting at a remote desk, 'tell Miss Holderness I'll see her—'"

"Wait a moment, Cockburn," interposed Davenport. "I mean business straight. I'll explain in three minutes. It can't do you any harm to listen, anyway."

Mr. Cockburn sighed and resigned himself to listen. He was reflecting that a good many explanations would be necessary to conjure £15 or even £25 from his pocket into Davenport's.

"I've got in my pocket a letter from a girl who's mad to go on the boards—"

"They all are, my dear boy; they all are!" said the agent wearily.

"But this one's different from the rest. She's got genius, Cockburn, that's the only word. If she were taken in and trained, she'd make a second Mrs. Pat. I'm not kidding. I've seen her act, mind."

"Well?"

"I believe that girl's got genius. She played Juliet one night at a place in Yorkshire with our crowd. By God, Cockburn, that girl, without an atom of knowledge of stage business, had every woman in the house crying. I couldn't help it. I don't mind telling you they were beginning to guy the show in front before she came on—well, you can imagine old Ted Simpson as Mercutio, and he was about the best of 'em. But the moment that girl came on, by God, she held 'em, she gripped their heartstrings!"

Cockburn looked interested, but not enthusiastic. "Well, what's it all leading to? Who is she? Has she money?"

"Her relations are swells and have money, I know that. But the point is this. She's mad to go on the stage. I'm the only one in the profession she knows, and she's keen on me because I've promised to help her. She's come up to London, and she's written—she wants to see me. I don't mind telling you what I've got in view. She wants to go on the stage; well, she shall—but through me. I'm going to bring her out, and I'm going to marry her. That fact shows I have faith in her future. A runaway marriage, of course; but I haven't a doubt of bringing it off. If you'll lend me this now, all the business shall be put through you. To have a London star on your books—well, she'll be that soon—well, she'll be all right for you. Now do you catch on. Why, man, she'd be a little gold mine."

"But you know I must have more particulars," said Cockburn, impressed in spite of himself.

The two men talked for another twenty minutes; but while Davenport emerged from the private office he was radiant; his hand thrust into his trousers pocket was fingering gold pieces. Cockburn had elected to stand in with him. His expression was so jubilant that a score of faces followed him with envious glances; his face proclaimed that he had struck big.

Davenport left the room, his imagination busy with the glorious future. With Cockburn as ally—and Cockburn was a power—this girl's chance was assured; and where would not that chance in conjunction with her powers carry her? He would write to Janet in the afternoon, and he would see that he stepped jauntily out into the sunshine. He only had to play his cards carefully and this girl—

A hand laid on his arm interrupted his day-dream. He turned and saw Snell, who had followed him into the agent's office. Snell had been out of an engagement for close on three

months; there was all the signs about him, in his shabby clothes, in his frayed linen, the hungry look in his face, of his being "at the back of God's speed."

"Old chap," said Snell, nervously, "you remember, you owe me two or three quid, I lent you five months ago. Can you let me have it back—or part of it? Fact is, I'm stony, and it looks as if I was going to be out for the autumn, and God knows what I shall do!"

Snell was a good-natured, generous man, who was always too ready to lend money when he had it; and who was proportionately embarrassed when he tried to get any of it back.

"Awfully sorry, old chap," said Davenport with deep feeling. "I wish I could—you don't know how it's worried me thinking of your loan and my not being able to pay it. But the fact is—"

Snell saw the refusal coming; he cried desperately.

"But you've had some luck to-day; your face as you came out of Cockburn's showed that. Can't you let me have, say, a quid, or even ten bob?"

"My dear old boy, I wish to heaven I could!" cried Davenport, and his voice quivered with emotion. Whilst he spoke he was silently turning over the gold pieces in his pocket. "I had some luck, as you say, because Cockburn has got me a shop; but rehearsals don't begin for two weeks, and until then I don't know where to turn for the price of a meal. I'd have done it if I could, old fellow, you know that!"

Snell turned away despondently, and Davenport walked on, his feet mechanically carrying him in the direction of the wine-shop. In three seconds he had forgotten all about Snell.

He rattled the money in his pocket. The game was as good as in his hands. It only wanted time. His plans were vague yet, but he saw the golden future, and the intermediate stages would arrange themselves. The one thing that he most clearly realised was the benefit he was going to reap.

"I'll write and set the little girl's mind at rest to-night," he said, as he turned into the house.

CHAPTER IV. The First Act Ends.

Janet Desborough walked into the stalls of the Regency Theatre, paid sixpence for a programme—which seemed rather a dear way of buying a mass of advertisements that no one in the world could wish to read—and had some difficulty in finding the seat, which was hidden away in a narrow column, much as though the management would not have bothered with it at all if a few more advertisements could have been obtained to fill its place. There were not many people in the stalls as yet; but the pit was filling, and Janet could hear the clattering of feet up the wooden steps to the gallery.

It was all very new and delightful to this girl; she was interested in watching the people who came in; she had never been in a London theatre before. It gave her a little feeling of excitement that she was going to watch this play with a London actor, a man who doubtless knew personally many who would take part. She wondered how soon Mr. Davenport would come—he had told her, when enclosing the ticket for the stall, that an important engagement would prevent him from joining her till the last moment.

She had seen Herbert Davenport once since she came to London to stay with her aunt in her Kensington flat; with not a few qualms she had promised to let him take her to an evening performance.

It had been rather difficult to manage—but she had managed it, and without her aunt's knowledge. She had known, of course, that her aunt would have refused her consent. But Janet's conscience pricked her more than a little, though she told herself it was stupid to have that guilty feeling which encroached on the pleasure of the evening; that there was no more harm in her going to the theatre with Mr. Davenport than with Mr. Gray—and her aunt, Mrs. Ross, who knew Gray, and liked him, permitted that.

Janet Desborough would have found difficulty in defining her own feelings for Davenport. In her thoughts he stood on a different plane from all other men she knew. He was a link, the one link, between her and the stage; he was the one person who had any sympathy for her ambitions. Mr. Gray was very nice, but he was not sympathetic in that respect; her mother had sharply forbidden her to think of the stage as a career, and her aunt was equally prejudiced. Mr. Davenport was the only person who really understood her, who believed the stage to be her true vocation, she told herself; she felt a curious sense of gratitude towards him. That the man was utterly commonplace, with hardly a thought or idea outside his calling, and that probably, if he had been anything but an actor, he would not have aroused the slightest interest in her mind, the girl did not for a moment realise. He reflected the indefinable glamour that the stage had for her, and that fact stripped thoughts of their proper values.

The members of the orchestra shuffled into their places and began tuning up. The conductor appeared, with the air of having his bow ready before the slight perfunctory applause that greeted him, took his seat and settled his coat tails; then he tapped with his baton, and the overture commenced.

The stalls were now filling rapidly; the seat on her left was still vacant. The lights in the house were lowered; a sudden glare on the lower part of the curtain told of the footlights being turned up; the orchestra ended with a crash of chords, and at that moment, just before the curtain rose, Janet saw Davenport coming towards her. The man was a consummate actor—off the boards. His theatrical instinct had prompted him to make his entrance at this particular moment; the sudden lowering of the lights, the final of the orchestra, the expectant hush in the house might have been to announce his entrance, not the rising of the curtain. He came

towards her with a smiling ease of manner and bent impressively over her hand.

"How much I have looked forward to to-day! Have you been here long? I'm so sorry I could not get here before, but I was kept at the Lyceum."

Davenport saw the smile and the deepening colour in the girl's face as she greeted him. He flattered himself he had made a very effective entrance, though, to be sure, the yell from a hoarse-voiced "audience": "Sit down in the front row for the curtain has risen) was an annoyance that took the keen edge off his satisfaction. He sat down leisurely by the girl's side. Her eyes were on the stage now; the play had begun. For his part he sat looking as much at her as at the stage, his thoughts busy with another play in which he had cast this girl for a leading part.

He thought he had never seen her look so charming. Excitement had heightened the wild-rose colour of her cheeks; her lips were slightly parted, revealing the white gleam of the small, perfect teeth. She was dressed in a frock of grey crepe de Chine, with a foam of dead white chiffon at the neck that contrasted with the warm ivory of her slender rounded throat.

The curtain fell on the first act.

"How do you like it, Miss Desborough?" he asked.

"The look on her face told him.

"It was wonderful," she whispered; she had been watching utterly fascinated. It was a play of Ibsen's. Perhaps the greatest emotional actress of the English stage had taken the chief part. The situation on which the curtain had fallen was appalling in its tragic poignancy.

Husband and wife sat together in the room hear a sudden confusion of voices outside the house. Someone in the crowd is saying excitedly that a child has been drowned. It cannot be their child, of course, little crippled Eloff—surely he is safe in the garden; yet in the quick-glance that husband and wife exchange there is a sudden inexplicable fear. It cannot be their crippled son—yet the woman rushes out on to the verandah to catch what the crowd is saying. A moment later, with one sharp scream, she staggers blindly back into the room. She can hardly articulate the words that have brought the truth home to her.

"They said: 'The crutch is floating!'"

The effect on the audience of those four words had been electrical. They had thrilled Janet as no acting had ever done before. What a strange, wonderful gift it was to have the power thus to sway a great audience as she sat there, though the curtain had fallen, the memory of that moment was enough to send a little thrill like a shiver through her.

During the interval Davenport leaned over towards her in a carefully studied attitude, his arm resting on the back of the stall, as they talked. He was on his guard. He knew the wit and the tactics with which he would have opened a flirtation with a barmaid would only be disastrous in the case of a well-bred girl. Sentiment must be held in reserve until he was surer of his ground. He spoke of prominent actors as of intimate friends; he referred to people who had lately become well known, and suggested, rather than stated, that his help and influence had not been the least factors in the making of their success. He did it all with amazing artistry; not once did he leave the impression in the girl's mind that he was either bragging or posing.

The curtain fell on the last act; the orchestra played the National Anthem. Janet gave a little sigh, both of happiness and regret. She felt as though that night had been an epoch in her life. Hitherto she had only seen provincial actors; for the first time she had seen a London theatre, a play really well acted. The fascination lingered with her as they came out of the theatre into the glare and bustle of Piccadilly-circus.

The commissionaire called a hansom.

"I'll drive with you to your door, if I may, Miss Desborough," Davenport said, as the cab drew up by the kerb.

"But I am taking you out of your way," she smiled. "Really, I shall be quite safe—"

"Oh, but I have promised myself a quarter of an hour's talk with you before we say good-bye," he said. "And we haven't yet arranged when I am to see you again," as he helped her into the hansom.

Davenport spoke as though it were a matter of course that he would see a good deal of her during the remainder of the season. He comforted himself, accustomed as he was to facile conquests with another type of girl, that she was rapidly falling under the sway of his personal fascination.

The cab bore swiftly down Piccadilly. It was warm, pleasant night such as early autumn often brings. The deep purple spaces of the sky were sown thick with stars. From over the Green Park a soft wind met their faces.

Janet sat, scarcely speaking except to answer him. He watched her face in the dim light. Her momentary danced in her eyes; she like wine in her veins. To-night had brought her a luxury of sensations; the play and then the coming out of the hot theatre into the cool night air, into the glare and hurrying crowds of the lighted circus; from the mimic passions of the stage to wear real life surged by; the sharp contrast was a fitting after-piece—and then the swift drive homewards under the crowding stars.

As he watched her, the question recurred again in Davenport's mind: how had this girl been able to slip away to meet him to-night? And her aunt given permission, it seemed so unlikely.

He said suddenly:

"It was kind of your aunt to let you come to the theatre with me, since I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance—"

He watched her face as he spoke.

"I am afraid I did not tell my aunt. She thinks—" Janet paused with a flush of embarrassment. She realised what her admission might convey.

If she had caught a glance at his face then she would have seen such a look that she could not hide it. His confidence had leaped by strides. She had stolen out secretly to meet him! He felt a sudden intoxicating sense of triumph. The bird was fluttering into the net. He believed that he had only to put out his hand—

A little shiver ran down her spine, some of the brightness died out of her face. He slipped an eager arm behind her and drew the white opera cloak closer about her neck and shoulders. The folds of the wrap fell away from one bare arm, and its soft rounded whiteness gleamed like ivory in the light of a passing street lamp.

How beautiful she was! That momentary glimpse inflamed him with a sudden desire to clasp her beauty in his arms.

Why should he hesitate?

[A long instalment of this powerful human drama will appear to-morrow.]

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